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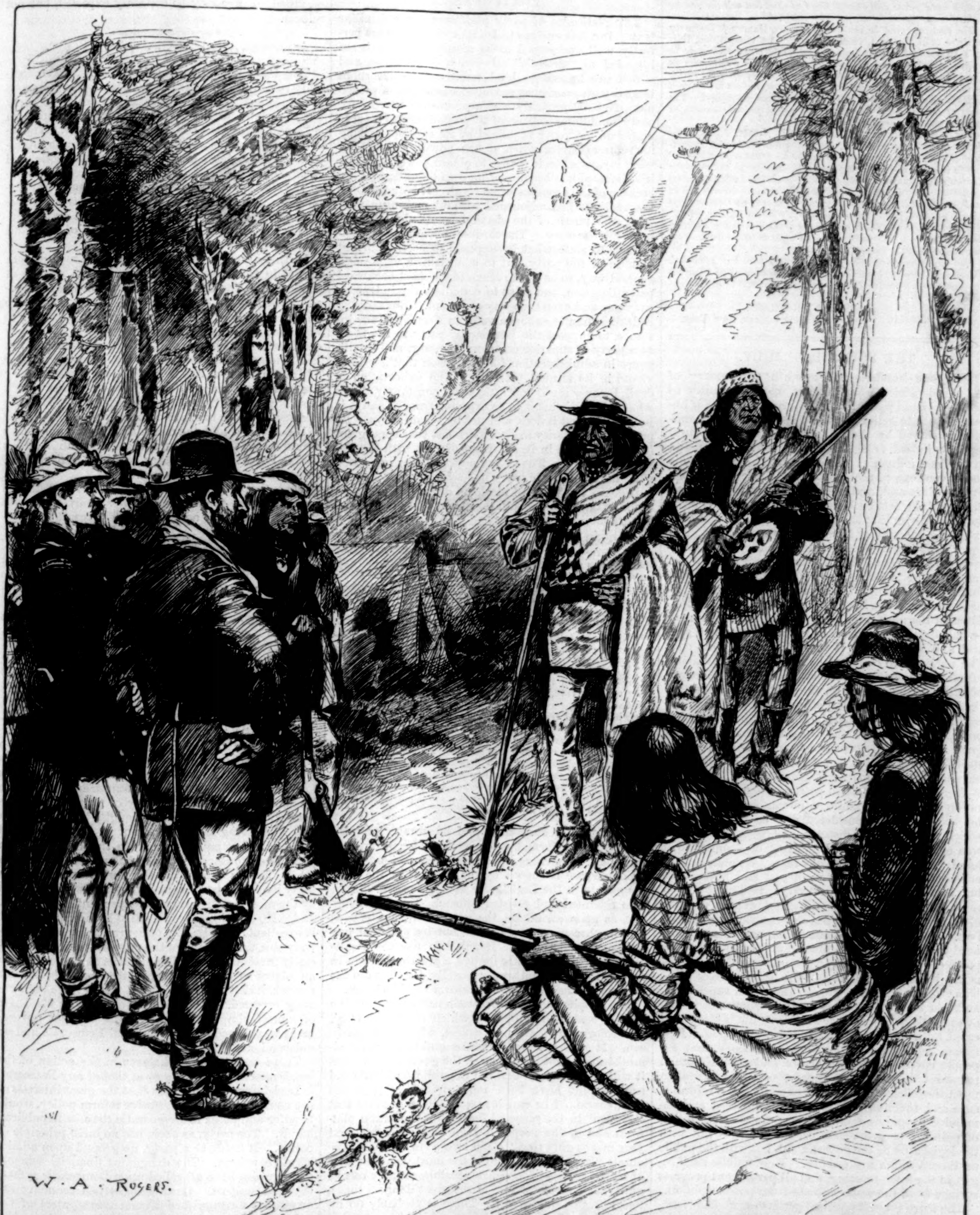


THE APACHE SURRENDER—CHIEF NANÉ ENTERING GENERAL CROOK'S CAMP TO SUE FOR PEACE.
DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS FROM A SKETCH BY A. F. HARMER.—[SEE PAGE 429.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1883.

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

AN OFFER TO YOUNG AMERICAN ARTISTS.

For the best original drawing to illustrate ALFRED DOMETT'S "Christmas Hymn"—*the drawing to be suitable for publication in* HARPER'S MAGAZINE, *and to be the exclusive work of an American artist not over twenty-five years of age*—MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *offer an award of* THREE THOUSAND DOLLARS, *upon the honorable understanding that the successful competitor shall use the same for the prosecution of art study in one or more of the best American schools, including also a sojourn abroad of at least six months for the study of the old masters. The award will be paid in such installments and at such times as shall best suit the convenience of the recipient for the purposes specified.*

The drawings must be received by MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *not later than August* 1, 1883, *addressed* "Art Competition, Harper's Magazine, Franklin Square, New York"; *and each must be designated by an assumed name or motto, which should also be given, together with the real name, age, and residence of the artist, in a sealed envelope accompanying the drawings, and not to be opened until the result of the competition shall have been determined. The name of the successful competitor will not be publicly announced until the publication of the drawing.*

MR. R. SWAIN GIFFORD, N.A.; MR. F. D. MILLET, A.N.A.; *and* MR. CHARLES PARSONS, A.N.A., *Superintendent of the Art Department*, HARPER & BROTHERS, *will act as judges of the competition.*

It is intended to engrave the successful drawing as one page for HARPER'S MAGAZINE *of December*, 1883; *and should other drawings submitted be found suitable, second, third, and fourth awards will be made, as follows: one page* HARPER'S WEEKLY, $300; *one page* HARPER'S BAZAR, $200; *one page* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, $100.

If the judges should decide that no one of the drawings is suitable, MESSRS. HARPER & BROTHERS *reserve the right to extend the limit of time and re-open the competition.*

Two Christmas Hymns by ALFRED DOMETT *have been published. That published in* 1837 *is the one for the illustration of which artists are invited to compete, and a printed copy of it will be sent on application to*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

THE FOURTH OF JULY.

THE one-hundred-and-seventh anniversary of "Independence-day" dawns upon a country so prosperous and peaceful and progressive that it is impossible not to believe that the happiness of the children is shared by the fathers. Their simple rural republic, indeed, is lost in the continental Union, and in the vast industrial and commercial developments and inventions of the century. A little one has become a thousand, and a small one a strong nation. But could the first builders of the state behold it now, they would own that its life and vigor and marvellous extension had sprung from their own spirit and principles, and that the faith with which they wrought is even more profound than it was in their own minds. Indeed, there is nothing more striking than the fact that notwithstanding the appearance of new difficulties and perils not foreseen by the fathers, the confidence of the most intelligent Americans in what may be called the American idea is very much more general and strong than it was a hundred years ago. The reason is to be found both in our own national experience and in our observation of the experience of other nations. While the political influence of the United States upon all other countries during the century has been profound, other countries have not politically influenced the United States in any degree. The institutions of European nations have been steadily Americanized, but those of the United States have not been in the least Europeanized.

The most sagacious and patriotic men of the Revolution accepted a republic as inevitable, but many, if not most of them, considered it to be an experiment which might end in disaster, and when **JEFFERSON** was elected they thought the day of doom was at hand. But the men of to-day regard republican government not only as the most just and reasonable, but, because it is so, as the strongest and most permanent. This is not because it has not revealed dangers of its own, but because it has also shown their correctives. The old doctrine that, as the mass of men must be always more or less ignorant, a government of the people must be necessarily a government of ignorance, is met by the perception that the brute force of numbers yields naturally to mental and moral superiority, and that while the results of this law are not visible at every point and in every incident, the law is vindicated by a broad and continued observation. It is found, against all anticipation and theory, that the people correct their own errors, and that if special measures of reform are more promptly undertaken upon the official order of a council, yet that reform is sure and effective only when it is justified and demanded by public opinion. The natural beginning of political progress with us, therefore, is not with the legislature or the government, but with the public sentiment which makes both. The republic itself began in the town-meeting, and all permanent progress springs from the same source—from public opinion.

The three gravest political perils that we have passed were the election of 1800, the civil war, and the election of 1876. In the war the moral conviction and the intelligence of a free people alone saved the country. In the two elections it was the force of public opinion that settled the immediate dispute, and the trained Republican habit, which preceded the Constitution, of respecting forms of law, which without hesitation made the settlement final. The past is not only secure, but it is inspiring, and on the happy day that recalls the heroism and the suffering and the glorious triumph of our fathers who are gone, those who are now the living fathers may well say to the children, in Mr. **BANCROFT**'s glowing words at the centenary of the Exeter Academy: "We, your elder brothers, cheer you on to action, happiness, and glory. Yet do not in reply say to the aged that we are passing away. To a good world belong age and youth, and to us who are to go before you let your words be, 'Ever and forever move joyfully and hopefully on.'"

PLATFORMS.

THE platitudes of party platforms are a familiar text. But it is curious to see that while they are perfectly well understood to be manifestoes which are intended to "straddle" all doubtful questions, and which are known to bind nobody, they are often treated with gravity as serious declarations of principle. Nobody probably was ever known to vote for party candidates because of the statements of a party platform. A party is judged by its conduct and by its representatives when it has power, and not by what it says when it wishes to obtain power. When it is defeated it is because of its own offenses, and not because of the promises of its rival. If both the Ohio Conventions had adjourned without making a platform, the result of the election would doubtless be precisely the same. The cardinal principle of a platform is to state what is supposed to be the current opinion of the party, but to state it in a vague and general way, so as not to alienate the most backward party Bourbon, and so as to conciliate the independent voter and even the party opponent. But nothing is droller than to exhort a voter in New York, for instance, to support the Democratic party in the State as a party of superior economy, honesty, and intelligence in administration for the reason that it praises virtue in its annual platform. The exhortation is droll, because the Democratic party constantly shows what it is and what is to be expected from it, and it is judged by what it does, and not by what it says. Its prodigious majority in New York last year sprang not from confidence in it, but from disgust with the Republican party. The voters neither knew nor cared what the Democratic party had said in its platform.

In Ohio the value of platform declarations can be tested by one plank of both the recent party platforms. The Republicans said:

> "We reiterate the declaration of previous Republican Conventions in favor of civil service reform, and welcome every intelligent effort to make that measure practical, and we especially approve the provision made by a Republican Congress for giving the patriotic soldiers of the late war, with proper qualifications, the preference for all places under the government."

This is simple buncombe. It means nothing whatever, and was meant to mean nothing. The Democrats say:

> "We re-affirm the resolutions of the State Conventions of Ohio in 1880, 1881, and 1882, and of the Democratic National Conventions of 1872, 1876, and 1880, demanding thorough reform and purification of the civil service, and charge that the Republican party has violated every pledge it has heretofore given for the reform thereof, and has failed during its long administration of the government to correct even the most crying abuses; and we demand, therefore, a change in the executive administration of the government itself as the reform first of all necessary, as made more manifest by the recent Star Route trials, thereby ousting corrupt rings confederated to protect crime and prevent the punishment of criminals, and by so doing to make it possible to again punish fraud and theft in the public service."

This is equally buncombe, and buncombe intended not to secure reform, but to give a cry for next year's campaign. Its value as a sincere expression of a reform purpose is shown by the conduct of the Ohio Democrats in the Legislature during the last winter, who ridiculed and resisted reform. Upon this subject, as upon all others, the parties will not be tried by the phrases of a platform, but by practical performance. Neither the Republican nor the Democratic machine honestly desires a genuine reform in the civil service, and very naturally, for they are the product of the abuses which reform would correct.

But, despite the machines, each party has "made a record" upon the subject by which it will be tried. The reform in itself is, of course, wholly non-partisan. It concerns the principles and methods of administration, not the policy of the government. But it will not be denied that the Republican attitude and achievement have been more promising than the Democratic. Nor can it reasonably be doubted that "reform" in the sense of the Ohio Democratic platform and of the proposed Democratic cry for next year means only that "clean sweep" of all the subordinate places which is one of the most wanton pieces of extravagance of which a sensible country can be guilty, and which is one of the great dangers that a real reform would avert. There is probably no intelligent person in the Union so wild as to assert that a Democratic administration would honestly respect the beginnings of reforms that have been already made, and carry them forward. Whatever some Democrats might desire, the party action would conform to the general demand of the party. Even the Democrats who are loudest in insisting that the campaign cry shall be "reform" are very careful to say that by reform they mean a general turning out and uprooting of the civil service. They sneer at the reform bill, and the system which it provides for introducing a genuine reform, as trivial and contemptible. Their purpose is to overthrow it, and to restore the infamous spoils system complete and unchecked. The general conviction of this purpose, founded not upon the declarations of Democratic Conventions, but upon experience of Democratic conduct, no platform will be able to shake, and the just apprehension of the consequences of such a causeless disturbance no sneering at civil service reform will allay. Of the Democratic party, with which this country is perfectly well acquainted, change may be certainly expected, but not reform.

MR. RANDALL IN 1877.

THE Democratic opponents of Mr. **RANDALL** foolishly revile him for the most patriotic and courageous act of his public life—his refusal as Speaker to carry out the views of the Democratic obstructionists in 1877, and plunge the country into civil war. The result of the election was in doubt. Democratic intimidation and violence and cheating at the polls, and Republican conduct in counting the vote, had covered the election with suspicion. The Senate was Republican, and the House of Representatives Democratic, and so fierce was party feeling that an irreconcilable contest and no valid declaration of the result of the election were imminent.

In this extreme emergency patriotic men of both parties in Congress united in devising a scheme of settlement. The Electoral Commission was appointed by the consent of both parties, and in accordance with the terms of the law creating it. According to those terms also its decision was rendered. By every consideration of honor and patriotism Congress was bound to accept the decision. But a certain number of Democrats resolved if possible by parliamentary obstruction to prevent acceptance—a course which would certainly have ended in civil war. Had the Speaker not been brave and honest enough to decline to become their tool, the most disastrous consequences would have followed, and the American republic would have fallen, as other republics have fallen, before the fury of party spirit.

That the calamity was averted was due to the Speaker more than to any other individual. He steadily held to the agreement. The result was constitutionally declared. The President was peacefully inaugurated. The whole transaction was one of the most striking events in the history of constitutional liberty, for it showed the ability of two great parties to settle a perilous contest by a common understanding, honorably respected, instead of resorting to force and anarchy. Mr. **RANDALL**'s service in the desperate juncture was that of a sagacious and firm American patriot, and if his party should resent his conduct it would only deepen the just and profound distrust with which, as Senator **BECK** truly remarks, his party is still regarded.

JUDGE HOADLY'S JOKE.

JUDGE **HOADLY** has begun his campaign in Ohio jocosely. He denies energetically a rumor that he is already disgusted with his party friends and intends to withdraw, and with capital humor he declares the Democratic party to be a party of progress. "I believe with all my heart and strength," he says, "in a new and living Democracy, not in a fossilized and Bourbonized Republicanism. In this creed my own party and thousands of hopeful Republicans are with me." That is to say that the Democratic party as a party holds the position and the views which are held by the most intelligent and independent Republicans. Judge **HOADLY** has a keen sense of humor, and his joke is excellent. He knows, of course, as well as everybody else, that not one of the purposes which are especially favored by such Republicans as he describes is an object of the Democratic party as such, and his remark, had it not been a joke, would have been exactly reversed. He would have said that his desire of honest, simple, economical, and efficient government was shared by a few hopeful Democrats and by independent Republicans.

There was nothing whatever in the action of the last Democratic Congress or in that of any Democratic Legislature which shows that the great interests of the country, or any progressive reform policy, would be safer and surer in Democratic than in Republican hands. The party, as such, has no tariff principle or policy. It holds, as a party, no ground upon administrative reform. The dangerous financial schemes and heresies have all relied upon Democratic sympathy and support. If an enlightened economy has anywhere distinguished Democratic control of the public treasury, it has escaped public attention. The Democratic party, as such, is not identified in the public mind with a single great patriotic and beneficial measure or policy since the day in 1861 when it was driven from national power, and left the government struggling for life with Democratic hands at its throat.

Moreover—and this is a point which gives especial piquancy to the judge's joke—the great body of the Republicans who, like Judge HOADLY, united with the Democrats ten years ago to elect a Republican as a Democratic President—in other words, to bring the Democratic party into national power—have long since resumed their relations with the Republican party, satisfied that as a party the Democrats are not to be trusted. Still further, the judge humorously affects to be unmindful of the significant fact that the action of "thousands of hopeful Republicans" whom he mentions, the independent Republicans who scratched in 1879 in New York, who baffled the third term plot in 1880, and who tacitly permitted the election of Governor CLEVELAND in New York in 1882, took all three steps not to promote but to prevent Democratic national success. It was the danger of a "fossilized and Bourbon" rule, which they believed to be identical with Democratic triumph, which led those Republicans to call a halt to the reckless leadership of their own party, and the call was heard and heeded. The judge's joke must not lead any incautious person to misapprehend the views of the "hopeful Republicans" of whom he speaks. Their hope is not in or of the Democratic party. Their rebuke instead of their desertion of their own party shows that their hope in it still remains. If they had lost hope of it they would have joined the Democrats long ago. As a joke, therefore, the remark of Judge HOADLY that the "hopeful Republicans" agree with the Democratic party as a party is unequalled. But as a serious remark it would be a still greater joke.

MR. BEECHER'S BIRTHDAY.

THE celebration of Mr. BEECHER'S seventieth birthday was the occasion of a striking popular demonstration of regard and admiration. There can be no more trying ordeal than that to which a man is subjected upon such an occasion. The unbounded praise the hero of the hour naturally put aside as the extravagance of friendly partiality. Mr. BEECHER'S gifts and services, however, are none the less striking and signal because admiration may express itself in an unmeasured strain. No good cause has ever wanted a friend when it appealed to him, and few friends can bring to any cause such powerful aid as he.

He is one of the few great preachers of his time, and as a popular orator he has had few superiors even in our history, which teems with eloquent speakers. His religious independence is unequalled among clergymen who belong to the recognized evangelical denominations, and nothing marks more significantly the change in the relations of Christian denominations than the difference in the attitude of LYMAN BEECHER to CHANNING Unitarianism and that of his son to the modern form of the same spirit. Indeed, the secret of the difference is that the son sees that it is a spirit of life, and not a creed.

Mr. BEECHER has been a hard worker; but a strong constitution, temperate living, and a buoyant temperament have brought him in full vigor and freshness to threescore and ten. He bates no jot of heart or hope, and, so far as appears, his hold upon the love and confidence of his immense audience is unrelaxed, and the good work that he has so long been doing he will long continue to do.

THE CRUSADES.

WE mentioned last year the illustrated lectures upon American history by the Rev. Dr. ECCLESTON, of Clifton, Staten Island, which were so successful that he has prepared a series of four lectures upon the Crusades, to be illustrated with stereopticon illustrations from DORÉ'S famous pictures. Dr. ECCLESTON'S admirable arrangement of his subject and simple narrative style make his lectures exceedingly interesting as well as instructive. The new series will be first delivered before the Peabody Institute in Baltimore, and then at Chickering Hall in New York, and the lectures will be undoubtedly among the most attractive of the winter.

HAWTHORNE.

The "Riverside Edition" of HAWTHORNE, published by HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN, & Co., is now complete, and a very attractive edition it is. It is edited by Mr. GEORGE P. LATHROP, the son-in-law of the famous author, and himself a well-known writer. He has wisely included everything of HAWTHORNE'S—*Fanshawe*, the *Life of Franklin Pierce*, and the magazine papers, with the fine article upon Dr. JOHNSON, and he has written a biographical sketch which is admirably done, and is the most complete and satisfactory memoir of HAWTHORNE yet published.

Of the works themselves the general verdict has been as plainly declared as upon those of any author who is called a classic. HAWTHORNE is by far the greatest creative genius that America has yet produced. His individuality and power are as pronounced as those of any story-teller—SCOTT, or DICKENS, or THACKERAY, or BALZAC, or George Sand. The entrancing spell of his romance is unsurpassed, and the sinewy simplicity, the racy purity of his style, and its total freedom from effort, or ostentation, or rhetoric, place him among the very first of writers.

The qualities of his romances are all evident in his smaller stories; but three or four volumes of these had been published without perception upon the part of the public that among the pleasant but unimportant writers of the day a great author had appeared. Readers who will turn back to the *Democratic Review* of forty years ago will find many of his most charming tales, which produced no observable general impression at the time. LONGFELLOW had greeted HAWTHORNE in the *North American*, but they had been collegians together at Bowdoin, and the *North American* was then read only by a few. Now, the fame of the author is of the highest kind. The strange insight of a genius essentially solitary, the vivid play of a weird imagination, the subtle sympathy with what we call the supernatural environment of human life, are but names of parts of the power of this extraordinary and most interesting writer.

THE ART COMPETITION.

THE attention of all who desire to enter the list of competitors for the prizes which have been for several months announced at the head of our editorial columns is called to the fact that in less than a month from this date the time for sending in designs will close. We would caution those who hereafter send for the Christmas Hymn to address their letters simply to HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York city, as letters addressed "Art Competition" will not be opened until the committee meets to determine upon the merits of the designs.

THE CORNELL ALUMNI.

WE alluded at the time to the severe criticisms upon Cornell University and its management that were made during the spring, and to President WHITE'S detailed and cogent reply. The controversy culminated in the election of a trustee, and the interest of the alumni was fully aroused. The personal attendance and the proxies secured a much larger vote than has been known hitherto, and the contest was decided by a very large majority in favor of the President. A resolution of implicit confidence in him and his conduct of affairs was passed, and the result was a perfectly free and emphatic verdict of those most immediately interested.

President WHITE is a man at once so generous and so enlightened, so thoroughly in sympathy with the modern spirit in education, so familiar with the condition of education everywhere, and so justly proud of the great institution which he has so largely moulded, that there is no doubt that the verdict is generally welcome. Even those who have believed that there was solid ground of complaint must feel that there is good reason to reconsider the methods of redress, if not the propriety of the censure.

The event in any case will be beneficial to the University, for while the satisfaction of the alumni and the general excellence of the management have been positively affirmed, the authorities will be justly stimulated by the consciousness that they are steadily and closely scrutinized by all to whom the good name of Cornell is precious.

FLANAGANISM.

MR. EVANS, the new Commissioner of Internal Revenue, is evidently one of the politicians who have no idea that anybody takes civil service reform in earnest. But Mr. EVANS has been rudely undeceived. He has removed excellent and efficient officers to give their places to friends of his own, upon the good old theory that the offices of which he controls the appointment are his personal perquisites and not public trusts, and the good man is amazed to find a prodigious uproar going on, and he is actually told that it is substantially a betrayal of his own trust to prostitute his official authority to the gratification of his personal partialities.

There has been no more significant sign of the remarkable change of public sentiment upon this subject than the sharp censure of Mr. EVANS. Like the worthy FLANAGAN, of Flanagan's Mills, who demanded of the Chicago Convention, "What are we here for, except the offices?" the astonished Mr. EVANS can be almost heard asking, "What am I Commissioner of Internal Revenue for, if not to provide for my friends?" The excellent man is doubtless lost in consternation that the scatter-brained sentimentalists should be able to raise such a row over the steady-going old customs.

We wonder that some esteemed contemporary of the daily press has not sent a "commissioner" to Texas to learn from FLANAGAN'S own lips what he thinks of the reform bill, and of the condemnation of Mr. EVANS merely for turning out honest and experienced and efficient officers to give their places to his own friends. We can hear the Texas statesman shouting lustily, "Why, what on earth is he there for?"

PERSONAL.

Is genius inherited through fathers or through mothers? Some thinkers, like Mr. FRANCIS GALTON, affirm that it can be transmitted only by the father; others, like M. DE LESCURE, in his treatise entitled *Illustrious Mothers*, maintain that the descent is exclusively through the feminine branch of the house. Mr. HENRY WARD BEECHER seems to side with the latter class of disputants, for in his recent septuagenarian address he said, "From my father I received a sound stomach, from my mother a serene spirit."

—The family physician in the suburbs of New York city earns more money than he collects. A case has come to our knowledge in which after practicing faithfully and acceptably for thirty or forty years he is about to retire into bankruptcy, with thirty or forty thousand dollars of unpaid entries in his account-book. The amount of gratuitous medical service now received by the poor is proportionately much larger than ever before, and it is obtained not only in the hospital and the dispensary, but in the doctor's private office and the patient's own home. Nor do experienced physicians expect much gratitude from their pauper patients.

—At the annual Commencement of a Catholic seminary in New York city a principal attraction of the programme was the singing of an Angels' Serenade by an invisible chorus of young ladies.

—A New-Yorker who visited some of the finest residences in Boston, especially those in the Back Bay region, was struck by the greater size of the rooms and the increased sense of airiness, as compared with New York houses of the same grade. "In the Boston halls and drawing-rooms," he said, "you can take a long breath without feeling that you have interfered with anybody's rights."

—Dr. KRISHABER, who died recently in Paris, was the man who demonstrated that tuberculosis, or consumption, could be transmitted by inoculation. He inoculated fourteen monkeys, and twelve of them died in from 34 to 218 days. He proved also that consumption is contagious, or rather infectious. A small healthy monkey was put into a cage with several monkeys who had been inoculated. One of the latter became much attached to him, and almost constantly held him in his arms. Nine days after his death the small monkey died too, and an autopsy showed that his disease was consumption. The cage was then emptied and disinfected, and twenty-seven fresh monkeys put into it. None of them took the disease.

—A French scientist has submitted to a learned society the results of his study of the effect of tobacco on boys. Out of thirty-seven boys, between the ages of nine and fifteen, who used the weed, twenty-two showed symptoms of a distinct disturbance of the circulation, impaired digestion, palpitation of the heart, bruit at the carotids, sluggishness of intellect, and a craving for alcoholic drink. Eleven of the lads had smoked for six months, eight for one year, and sixteen for more than two years.

—Mr. JOAQUIN MILLER, the California poet (says the *Pall Mall Gazette*), has just made known to the world the tragedy of his home. In the New World, as in the Old, the poet must needs take all mankind into his confidence, and JOAQUIN MILLER follows the example of Lord BYRON in letting the whole world know the miseries of his love. "I suppose the world needs a few geniuses born into it now and then," once said the unhappy wife of one of the best known of English novelists, "but I am very sorry for those who have to live with them."

—Lord ROSEBERY thinks that "the most precious reward a man can hope for in public life is the friendly recognition of his fellow-countrymen."

—Mr. ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE writes: "To the England of our own time (it has often enough been remarked) the novel is what the drama was to the England of SHAKSPEARE'S. In the modern world of English letters the novel is everywhere and the drama is nowhere. But we may remark one point of radical difference between the taste of play-goers in the age of SHAKSPEARE, and the taste of novel-readers in our own. Tragedy was then at least as popular as either romance or realistic comedy; whereas nothing would seem to be more unpopular with the run of modern readers than the threatening shadow of tragedy projected across the whole length of a story."

—The influence of the late Cincinnati Dramatic Festival is yet potent in the Queen City of the West. Our esteemed contemporary the *Commercial Gazette* continues its criticism of SHAKSPEARE'S plays, the latest of its essays being concerned with "The Character of Hamlet's Father's Ghost." The ghost, observes that journal, "is an unwholesome disturbance, and his coming back is wholly indefensible. It is a lesson that the departed spirits should stay, and not return to meddle with things here. By doing this the ghost made a dreadful mess, and got probably a thousand years or so added to his fiery purgation."

—Among the most pleasing duties of the newspaper editor in some parts of our beloved land is the preparation of the local item announcing the latest marriage. We cull a model paragraph from a Western exchange: "The marriage of Mr. CHARLES CHAMBERS to Miss BLANCHE FISHER, which was consummated at Fairmount on the 13th instant, was an event that will ever recall pleasant memories to the fortunate few whose lot it was to attend. The bride is well known in East End circles, and by her sweetness of disposition and hospitable nature has won for herself lasting friends, all of whom wish for her an abundance of good luck in her new departure. The groom, an exceedingly popular young man, is a rising railroader, and that he has secured a prize in the matrimonial lottery all admit, and heartily trust that the success which his energy, qualifications, and genial and pleasant bearing merit will accompany him on his voyage through life."

—In an essay on cruelty to children, Mr. ELBRIDGE T. GERRY, the president of that admirable and successful charity, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, declares that the humane of both sexes and of all classes are not lax in their efforts to reform and rescue the unhappy children of the outcast and the criminal. "The very women of society, who are often reproached with being alike heartless and frivolous, respond in the most liberal manner, and devote more of their time than is dreamed of in aid of the wretched children of the poor. No appeal to a woman's heart for aid to rescue a child who is cruelly treated has yet met with a repulse."

—Honesty, remarks President SEELEY, of Amherst College, is doubtless the best policy, but no policy ever yet made an honest man.

—"*Vandyke-Brown*" *Poems* is the quaint title of a volume recently published by LEE & SHEPARD, of Boston. The author of these poems, MARC COOK, died last autumn, in his twenty-ninth year. Many of our readers will remember his article entitled "Camp Lou," in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for May, 1881. His poems, which have been collected in the volume referred to, are interesting and much above the average. Mr. HAROLD FREDERIC in his prefatory remarks does not exaggerate when he says, "Whether we study his dainty *vers de société*, his quaintly whimsical burlesques, his closely knit, thoughtful poems on serious subjects, or his last unspeakably mournful salutations of approaching death, we find revealed a soul as true and gentle, an eye as shrewd and searching, and a hand as deft and sure of touch, as any to which American readers do honor."

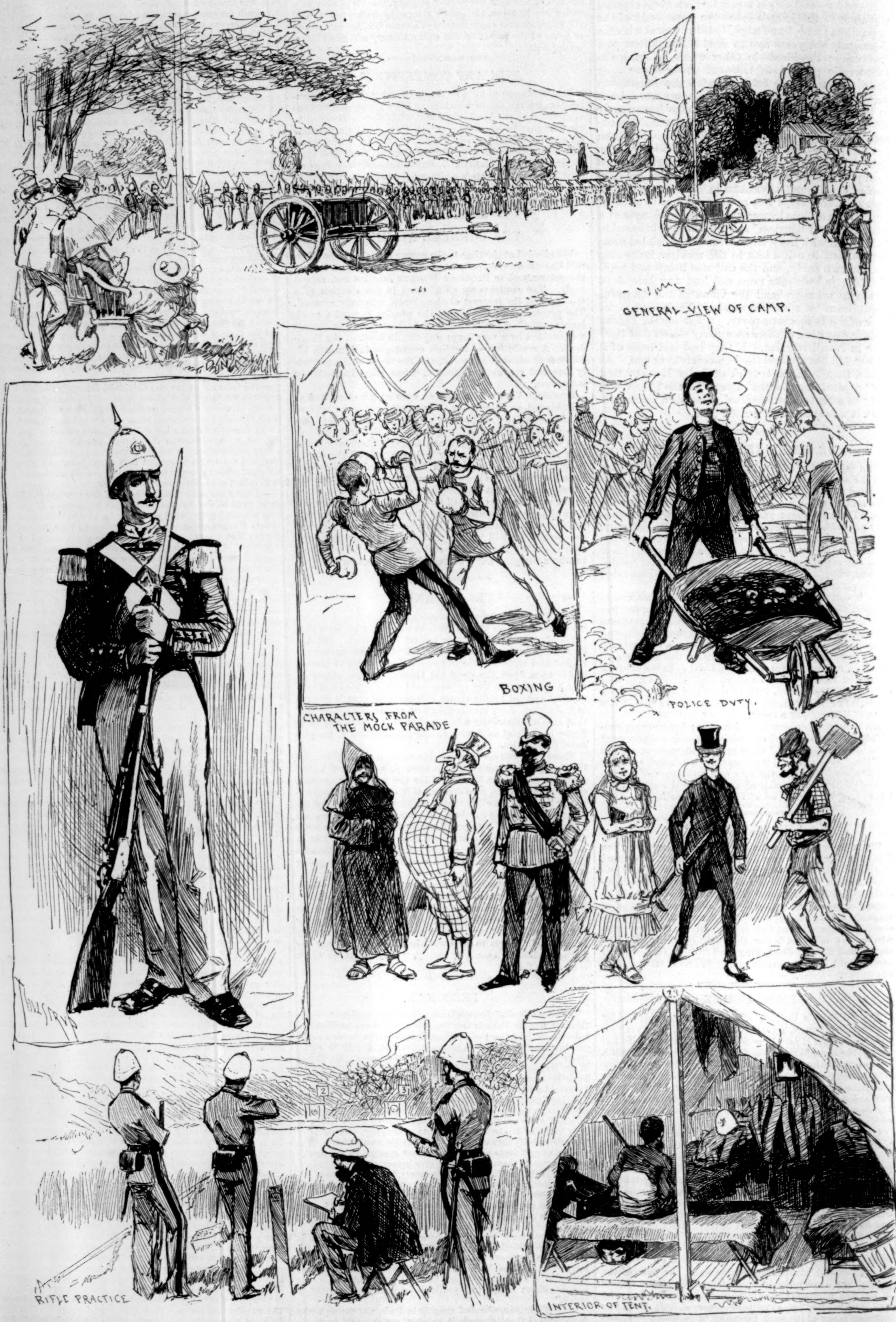
—The taste for dancing, writes a correspondent, is extinct in Paris. "When a fashionable lady gives a *soirée dansante*, her great trouble is to find partners for her girl guests. Young married ladies more enjoy quiet flirtation than gyrating round a ball-room. Young dandies dislike the physical consequences of the gyration—the flushed face, the too moist forehead, the disordered hair." We expect soon to hear a similar complaint about the American dudes.

—BONNAT'S Salon portrait of Mr. LEVI P. MORTON, American Minister to France, is said by Mr. FREDERICK WEDMORE to be "probably the finest male portrait of the year in France."

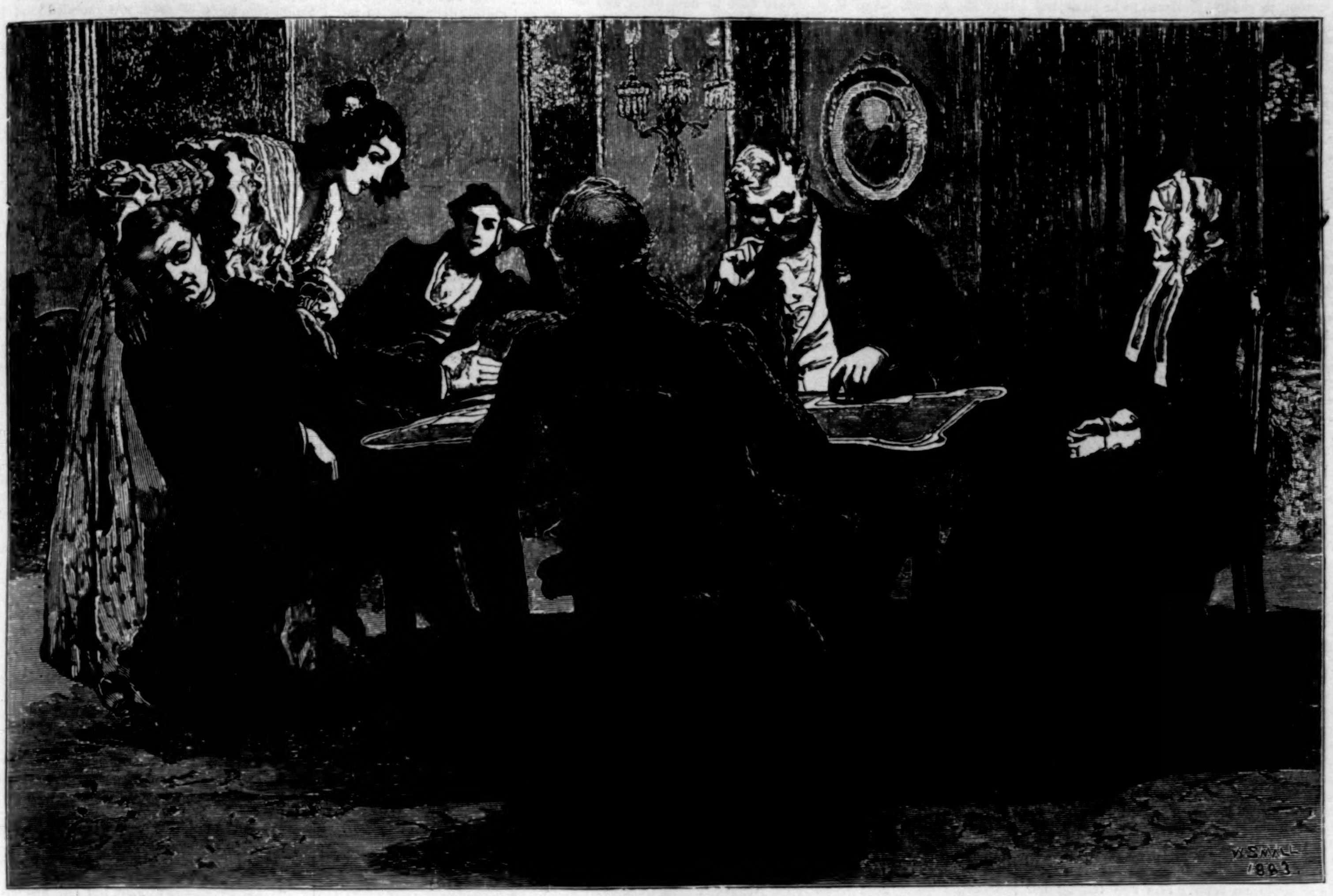
—COLERIDGE'S body lies in the crypt of Highgate Church, in London, and the crypt is used as a place for tools. But COLERIDGE himself, could he have foreseen this fate, would have been the last man to object to it.

—Mr. WHISTLER took his medal at the Salon ostensibly by reason of the merits of his very artistic portrait of his mother, recently exhibited publicly in this city; but there were half a dozen other pictures of his at another exhibition in Paris at the same time. He is well known to French artists, and is a master of their language. That he deserves this late official recognition of his undoubted genius no artist in any country would be likely to deny.

—We take pleasure in copying this announcement from the Chicago *Tribune*: "The Germantown (Pa.) *Telegraph*, one of the oldest and most profitable weeklies in the country, published at Germantown, Pennsylvania, has been purchased from its present owner and founder, Major PHILIP R. FREAS, by HENRY W. RAYMOND, son of the late HENRY J. RAYMOND, who has been for nearly four years the literary editor of the *Tribune*, and for nearly two years its musical critic. The purchase is made through the disinterested kindness and generosity of GEORGE W. CHILDS, who, out of pure friendship, has assumed all the risks and guaranteed the sale, thus enabling Mr. RAYMOND to own a prosperous paper of his own, and to pay for it out of its profits. The *Telegraph* was established in 1829, has a wide circulation and a large advertising patronage. The transfer does not take place until August 1, and Mr. RAYMOND does not assume the entire management until October 1." Mr. RAYMOND is a graduate of Yale. He possesses fine culture, high literary ability, and a large measure of inherited newspaper talent. We wish him all success in his new enterprise.


GENERAL VIEW OF CAMP.
BOXING
POLICE DUTY.
CHARACTERS FROM THE MOCK PARADE
THULSTRUP
RIFLE PRACTICE
INTERIOR OF TENT.

THE SEVENTH IN CAMP.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 422.]



"She put her hands on his shoulders and bent down over him, examining the cards which he had thrown upon the table."

*THIRLBY HALL.**

BY W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," "HEAPS OF MONEY," ETC.

CHAPTER V.

MRS. FARQUHAR PLAYS ACCORDING TO RULE.

It was on a dull afternoon in September that the dreaded disturber of our peace descended upon us. My uncle drove off to the station to meet her, while the General and I went out shooting, and remained out until the light became so bad that it was impossible to delay our return any longer. We had given up talking about Mrs. Farquhar for some time past, and we did not depart from our rule upon the present occasion; but there was a tacit understanding between us that it would be well to shirk as much as we conveniently could of that awkward interval which separates the arrival of a guest from the dinner hour. The General was silent and out of spirits, and had shot badly all the afternoon. Possibly his conscience may have been reproaching him with his desertion to the enemy, or it may be that he was looking forward with some apprehension to the meeting which must shortly take place. I myself was depressed, feeling as if the last of all the good old days was drawing to its close, and I also was a little afraid of that meeting. I don't know why I was afraid, nor exactly what my anticipations were, but I well remember that the meeting, when it came, was something altogether unlike what I had expected.

We crossed the dark hall and entered the library, where a cheerful fire was blazing, and where the sudden flood of light set us winking and blinking. The General was the first to cross the threshold; and hardly had he done so when I, peering over his shoulder, saw a little black figure rise up from the fireside and hurry forward with arms outspread.

A rather shrill but not ungentle voice exclaimed, with a slight Scotch accent, "Eh, Tom, is it you?" and immediately the General was being kissed and embraced. He had to bend himself almost double in order to render this operation possible, and while it was going on all that I saw of Mrs. Farquhar was a small portion of an arm and a diminutive white hand covered with flashing jewels, which beat a gentle accompaniment on the General's shoulder to certain indistinct but affectionate words.

"Well, mother, so you've got over the journey all right," was all that the General said, as he disengaged himself.

It was now my turn. "Can this be Charley?" Mrs. Farquhar exclaimed, looking up into my face, while she took possession of my hand. And I was very nearly retorting, "Can this be Mrs. Farquhar?" for in truth she was an extremely pretty and agreeable-looking old lady, and it was difficult at first sight to trace any connection between the outward aspect of her and that cantankerous disposition with which I had been led to infer that she was afflicted.

My eyes having by this time become accustomed to the light, I was able to take notice of hers, which were brown in color, and as bright as a squirrel's. Her abundant gray hair formed a frame for a sharp little face, which might probably have had but small claims to beauty in its youth, but which, to the different order of criticism applicable to old age, presented no defect, unless it were the somewhat exaggerated length of the upper lip. She was, of course, dressed in widow's weeds—a garb far more uncompromisingly ugly in those days than it is now; but the sweeping black robes suited her small, spare figure well enough, and even the close-fitting white cap with its broad strings, which no widow of the year 1851 would have dared to modify, was not unbecoming to her, as it would have been to a younger woman.

Attractive though she was, however, I was not desirous of being embraced by her; for I was at that time of life when a young man dislikes nothing so much as being kissed by his female relatives. Therefore I did not bend down like my predecessor, but held myself up to my natural height of six foot two above the level of the carpet, an altitude which rendered all surprises on the part of a lady of Mrs. Farquhar's inches impracticable. She was so considerate as to make no attempt of the kind that I feared, and contented herself with holding my hand in one of hers while she patted it gently with the other, murmuring: "A fine young fellow indeed! Dear, dear, how time goes on! The last time I saw you you were a baby—just a baby; and now you are a great tall man, and you've been captain of the Eton eight, as I read in the newspapers. That is something to be proud of, Bernard"—turning quickly round upon my uncle. "I am sure you must be proud of this young gentleman."

"If I am," said my uncle, laughing, "I take good care not to tell him so."

"Oh, aye; you are a pessimist," returned Mrs. Farquhar, gayly; "but I am all for giving credit where credit is due."

Now my uncle was not a pessimist, nor had he ever been known to grudge any man his due; but the general tone of Mrs. Farquhar's remarks appeared to me to be so pleasant and sensible that I was not disposed for cavilling. I should have imagined that a tolerably wide-spread ignorance prevailed in Scotland upon the subject of the Eton eight and the glory of rowing stroke therein, and I was naturally glad to find that this was not so. I modestly gave Mrs. Farquhar to understand that the high honors to which I had attained were due not so much to inherent genius as to unremitting labor. Lots of other fellows, I said, might have turned out far better oars than I could ever hope to be; but they wouldn't give their whole minds to it, and of course, if a fellow wouldn't give his whole mind to a thing—

At this my uncle and the General burst out laughing, and Mrs. Farquhar, after a moment, joined in their laughter. "Oh, I know what you're meaning, both of you," said she; "you think he should be giving his mind to his books. But, dear me! he has his whole life before him for study, and he has only just these few years to be young in. I say he is right to make the most of youth while it lasts."

How true! I began to feel that Mrs. Farquhar was almost a kindred spirit; and in another five minutes we were all seated round the fire, chatting in as friendly a fashion as if we had really been what we appeared to be—a cheerful family party. And in this condition of unity, peace, and concord we continued throughout the evening. There were one or two slight awkwardnesses, but they were so slight that I should hardly have noticed them if I had not been on the look-out for something of the kind. Several times during dinner Mrs. Farquhar flatly contradicted my uncle, and in the drawing-room afterward she contradicted us all round upon I forget what political question, although our several views with regard to it did not happen to resemble one another.

"Oh, but that is nonsense—just nonsense!" she said, when my uncle endeavored to explain his reasons for holding certain opinions.

It sounded a little rude; but in that, as in previous instances, she spoke so placidly and good-humoredly that no one could suppose any offense to be meant. I said to myself that perhaps people in Scotland were in the habit of contradicting each other by way of making conversation—and indeed I have formed more erroneous surmises than that in my life.

I was left for a few minutes alone with my uncle before I bade him good-night, and he said, "You see, Charley, my mother is not an ogress, after all."

"I think she is very nice," I admitted, rather reluctantly.

"Yes; you may remember that I told you you would think so. And she has confided to me that she thinks you very nice too. So all is for the best."

And really it did seem as though all were going to be for the best. Very likely I might not have taken so kindly to Mrs. Farquhar had she not taken kindly to me, and shown in the plainest possible manner that she had done so. During the next three days she lost no opportunity of patting me on the back and flattering my youthful vanity; and this, perhaps, caused me to overlook some acts of interference which I should otherwise have indignantly resented.

"Bernard, do you never have family prayers?" she asked, the very first morning, at breakfast.

My uncle confessed that such had not been his custom.

"Oh, but I think you should," she said.

"A man must please himself about such matters," struck in the General, boldly.

"Now, Tom, that is so like you! A thing is right, or it is wrong; and if we profess and call ourselves Christians, we ought certainly to set an example of religion to our servants."

"I dare say you are right," my uncle said. And thenceforth family prayers became an institution at Thirlby.

Many people may be disposed to think that Mrs. Farquhar was justified in upholding her testimony with regard to this particular innovation; but it will be allowed that, when she went on to alter the hours of breakfast and dinner, she was making herself a little too much at home. Nevertheless, this change also was accomplished without opposition or audible murmur.

For the rest, Mrs. Farquhar (who, to be sure, had had everything her own way so far) made herself very agreeable to all about, high and low; and since nobody had yet been instructed to regard her as a permanent inmate, her mild tyranny was accepted submissively enough. I may confess that, for my own part, I was alive to the advantage of having a lady in the house for the next few weeks; for I foresaw that she and Maud would become firm allies, and that, as a consequence, the latter might be expected to visit the Hall a great deal more frequently than she had done heretofore.

But here my prescience was at fault; for it is one of those mysterious facts which only a profound student of feminine nature can explain that Mrs. Farquhar did not take to Maud at all. The Rector and his daughter came to dinner on the fourth day, and I don't think they had been ten minutes in the drawing-room before the two ladies had a trifling difference. It was about some parish matter—I don't remember what; but I do remember perfectly the tone of kindly reproof in which Mrs. Farquhar said, "My dear, when you are a little older you will know better." Maud smiled, and made no reply; but I know very well (in spite of subsequent assertions of hers to the contrary) that from that moment she cordially detested the little old lady whose presence among us she had declared to be so desirable.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1381.

I could not resist taking the first opportunity that offered of asking her whether Mrs. Farquhar came up to her expectations. This was after dinner, in the drawing-room, to which vast and rather melancholy apartment we had adjourned, as it was a company night, instead of to the more cheerful library. The four elders had just sat down to whist at an old-fashioned spindle-legged table, and I placed myself beside Maud on a sofa some little distance from them.

"Quite. In fact, she surpasses them," said Maud, in answer to my question.

"I dare say; but in what sense?—for the better, or for the worse?"

"Oh, for the better, I suppose. That is, she seems to me to be better suited for her mission than I thought she would be. Evidently she knows how to assert herself, and is capable of snubbing people too, when necessary. And that, you know, is a valuable gift, under certain circumstances."

"So it is," I agreed; "and what makes it the more valuable in Mrs. Farquhar's case is that she uses it with so much discrimination. She likes me; she hasn't ceased to say sweet things of and to me since she entered the house. Other people, as you know, have not been so fortunate; and I shouldn't wonder if other people were feeling a little bit sore in consequence." The truth was that I had not yet quite forgiven my companion for having driven off and left me in the lurch at Yarmouth in that cruel way.

"My dear Charley," she answered, "do you really suppose that I care two straws whether Mrs. Farquhar likes me or not? I hoped that she would come and live here, and I hope so still; but I never contemplated her in the light of an addition to my personal happiness. I am perfectly disinterested in the matter."

"You are not half pleased with her, all the same," I persisted.

"She was rude to me, and of course one is never exactly pleased with rude people; but I shouldn't have minded that if she had not been entirely in the wrong. There is nothing more trying to the patience than to be seriously told that black is white by a person who is too old to be contradicted."

"And it is that wrong-headed old person whom you wish to inflict upon my poor uncle and me as a permanent penance! What have we done that you should be so hard upon us?"

Maud made no reply. She was resting her chin upon the top of her closed fan, and gazing meditatively toward the card-table where Mrs. Farquhar was smiling the smile of conscious rectitude undismayed by ill fortune. My uncle and the General, who were partners, were smiling too, but theirs was the smile of victory. As for the Rector, his back was turned to us, but every now and again there was wafted toward us from the direction of his chair a low, wailing murmur which told its own tale.

"I can understand," said Maud, suddenly, "that a woman like that might be a great power. A little brain, which would be quite filled up by one idea at a time, a great deal of conceit, and, I should think, illimitable obstinacy. You may say that all she can do is to raise a storm in a tea-cup; but then you happen to live in the tea-cup. I am glad she likes you, Charley. You must keep friends with her, or she may do you an ill turn one of these days."

"What in the world makes you say that?" I asked, in some astonishment.

"I can't tell you. There is something wrong—some mystery or other; and my father seems to think that trouble may come out of it, though I can't get him to explain himself."

"I know there's a mystery," I said.

"Do you? And can you guess what it is?" asked Maud, eagerly.

"Not in the least. Can you?"

"No—at least I don't think so. But it concerns you in some way; and I want you to keep yourself in Mrs. Farquhar's good graces, Charley, because she means to stay here, and because it is certain that she will rule Mr. Le Marchant absolutely in the course of a few months."

"How do you know that she means to stay here?" I asked.

But her reply, if she made one, was drowned in a cry of agony which arose at that moment from the card-table.

"My dear madam!—oh, my dear madam, how *could* you! We had the game to a mathematical certainty—and then to throw it away by trumping second in hand in that—I must say that insane manner! Oh dear! oh dear! oh dear!"

The General threw himself back in his chair, and made the room ring with peal after peal of merriment. "Ho, ho, ho! I beg your pardon, mother, I'm sure; but your partner's face—ha, ha, ha!"

"I did the right thing," said Mrs. Farquhar, not at all perturbed by all this commotion; "I played according to rule, which is the only real way to play."

"A rule to trump second in hand!" ejaculated the Rector, aghast.

"I don't exactly remember how the cards went; but I played according to rule, I know, because I always do. You must just make up your mind to lose a game sometimes, Mr. Dennison, like everybody else."

The Rector only groaned as he took up his cards. Presently the game was resumed, and I returned to my interrupted conversation with Maud.

"How do you know," I asked again, "that Mrs. Farquhar intends to stay here? And why are you so anxious that I should keep upon good terms with her?"

But Maud had recovered her wonted serenity now, and no longer chose to deal in prophecies. "I don't know that Mrs. Farquhar will stay," she answered; "but it seems natural and probable that she should. And it is always best to be upon good terms with your neighbors."

"I tell you what," I said, "I suspect that I am a great deal more likely to remain upon good terms with this old woman than you are. You haven't made a particularly promising start, but I hope you won't be discouraged by that, but will come and see her very often, and show us a bright example of kindly behavior toward the aged."

"I should be delighted," answered Maud; "but unfortunately I am going away in a few days, so you will have to try and behave yourselves properly without me."

"Going away!" I exclaimed, in horror and amazement; "how can you say such dreadful things in that calm tone of voice! Where are you going?—and for how long?"

"I am going to stay with my aunt, Mrs. Saville," she answered. "I don't quite know how long I may be away; it will depend upon my father, who has been persuaded to take a holiday for a parson's three weeks and come with me. The Savilles want me to stay with them until after some dances which are to come off in the beginning of November; but most likely I shall come back when my father does. I foresee that parochial and domestic duties will beckon me away from the giddy throng."

"It makes no difference to me," I said, ruefully; "because, in any case, I shall have gone to Oxford before you come back. This is an awful blow!" But in my heart I was selfish enough to find a grain of comfort in the thought of Maud's probable inability to dance with the gay bachelors of Surrey.

"You must summon up all your strength, and endeavor to bear it," she answered, with an unfeeling laugh. "You are going to lose me for a time, but Mrs. Farquhar will remain to you by way of compensation."

"I wish Mrs. Farquhar was dead and buried—" I was beginning; but before I could finish my sentence another exclamation of dismay caused us both to turn our eyes once more toward the card-table.

"She's done it again!" cried the Rector, whisking round in his chair, and appealing piteously to space. "So help me—ahem!—ten men and a boy, she's done it again! Now, did you ever in all your born days! Ah, yes, of course!—there it is, you see—they get the odd trick. Well, I really could not have believed that any responsible human being—"

Maud rose and crossed the room hastily. The Rector, when he was at all excited, had an unfortunate habit of thinking aloud, and there was no saying to what lengths he might not be about to go. She put her hands on his shoulders and bent down over him, examining the cards which he had thrown upon the table, while the General, in a voice trembling with suppressed laughter, called out, "Single, treble, and the rub!"

"The cards have been against us the whole evening, and that is always a trying thing to the patience; but we should not lose our temper over a mere game," said Mrs. Farquhar, kindly, but a trifle severely. "As for me, I just play according to rule."

After this everybody rose from the card-table, and Maud, pointing out that it was past eleven o'clock, prepared to march her father off home. The Rector, however, was not to be restrained from the utterance of a few last words.

"Good-night, Mrs. Farquhar, good-night," he said. "I have no doubt they play that game in Scotland; and it may be a very amusing game when you understand it. But it is not whist." And with that he decamped precipitately, allowing his late partner no time to make a rejoinder.

She, for her part, did not appear to be offended; and indeed I found out afterward that Mrs. Farquhar was not one to take offense readily. All that she said, after the Rector had left us, was: "He's a worthy kind of man, that Mr. Dennison. Not very wise, I dare say; but one does not look for wisdom in these parts. I've no great opinion of the daughter—a consequential young miss, full of airs and graces."

"Perhaps she may improve as she grows older," said my uncle, quietly, while I gulped down the indignant retort that rose to my lips, and the General, who was putting the cards away, called out: "You're all wrong, mother. Miss Maud is no more consequential than I am; and if ever there was a girl who had not a trace of what you call 'airs and graces' about her, it is she."

"So you think," returned Mrs. Farquhar, smiling compassionately. "You never look below the surface, Tom; if a woman is pretty, that is all you ask of her. Not that I would call Miss Dennison pretty myself, but she has fine eyes, and that is quite enough for you. Maybe, as Bernard says, she'll improve as she grows older; but if she had green eyes, or if she squinted, you would see plainly enough that she is nothing but a silly and forward girl now."

Contrary to his own anticipations, it proved to be the General, not my uncle, who found it impossible to get on with the old lady. "I'll tell you what it is, Charley my boy," he said to me, after a few days, "I must be off. I should have liked to stay another week or so with you, and to do a little justice to old Bunce's pheasants; but the fact of the matter is that at my time of life a man's temper is apt to become a little uncertain, and I find that I can't stand being called an infernal ass half a dozen times in the course of the day."

Now I need hardly say that Mrs. Farquhar had never made use of the above unseemly expression in addressing her son, but she had certainly been extremely aggravating, and had more than once contrived to put the General, who was one of the best-tempered men in the world, into a downright rage. And this always appeared to astonish her beyond everything. "Poor Tom seems very irritable," she would say. "Is it gout, do you think?"

She herself was not in the least irritable, and never lost her temper. She was tolerably pleasant to my uncle and quite affectionate to me, and I should be sorry to swear that she intended to be disagreeable even to the General. But she *was* disagreeable—so persistently, quietly, smilingly disagreeable that at last the poor man could bear it no longer, and took to his heels.

Almost immediately afterward the Rector and Maud departed for Surrey, and bore away, as it seemed to me, the last of the summer and sunshine with them. Chill October fell upon us with alternate fogs and gales; the pleasant holiday-time was over and gone, and the pheasants brought little comfort to my bereaved heart. George Warren was no sort of comfort either. I used to pour my tale of woe into his patient ear as we trudged home after shooting in the misty evenings, and he annoyed me excessively by prophesying that I should soon forget it all among the manifold excitements and recreations of Christ-church. He himself was at Oriel—a quiet member of a quiet reading set—"and of course," he would say, in his calm, matter-of-fact way, "you and I shall not see very much of one another, Charley. You'll find yourself among a fastish lot of men, most of whom will have a great deal more money to spend than you have, and as many of them are old Eton fellows, who know you already and like you, you will become popular, and I shouldn't wonder if your head were to be a little turned at first. But I shall look to the river to keep you out of serious mischief."

It had now been practically though not ostensibly arranged that Mrs. Farquhar was to leave Thirlby no more. My uncle gave me to understand as much the same evening, adding, with a slight smile, that he hoped I had changed my opinion upon the subject.

I answered frankly that to a certain extent I had. I still thought that third persons were a mistake; but at the same time I was bound to say that personally I had found Mrs. Farquhar kind and agreeable. "What do you think yourself, Uncle Bernard?" I asked. "Will she be a great bore to you?"

He considered for a few moments, and then answered, quietly: "Yes. I don't mind confessing to you, Charley, that she will. But that is my fault, not hers; and I don't think we shall quarrel."

"I am quite sure that it will be her fault, not yours, if you do," said I. And that was all that came of my firm opposition.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SEVENTH IN CAMP.

Last week was an eventful one to the members of the Seventh Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., and one as full of pleasure and solid enjoyment as it was of hard work. On Saturday, the 23d ult., they took possession of the State Camp Ground at Peekskill, and last Saturday they returned to New York, dusty, sunburned, and richer by a week's experience of military camp life and the duties incident thereto. To the majority of the members this experience was novel and interesting, as it was the first time in nine years, or since it visited the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, that the regiment had gone into camp, and while they looked forward for months with eager anticipations to this brief campaign, they now recall its various incidents with a corresponding degree of pleasure.

During their occupation of the camp, which was pitched on a level plateau of ninety acres lying at the foot of Manitou Mountain, the first of the Hudson Highlands on the east, and overlooking the confluence of the great river with Jan Peek's Kill, the men of the Seventh experienced much of the sunshine and some of the shadow of a soldier's life. The weather was by turns sweltering and breathless, clear and breezy, cold and rainy, and moon-lit nights or nights as dark as pockets cheered or bewildered the blue-coated pickets on their solitary pacings during the weary intervals between reliefs. Mornings of marching and countermarching, severe drill and arduous duty, were followed by afternoons of delightful leisure, and evenings of that hilarious fun which forms so prominent a social feature of the Seventh.

The week's work was finished last Friday afternoon, and that evening the fun culminated in a saturnalia, which, taking the form of a military travesty, was heralded as the parade of the "Darling Dudes." The "Dude Battalion" was composed of 270 men drawn in equal numbers from the ten companies of the regiment. Each company was uniformed in costumes the absurdity of which was only equalled by the dark secrecy maintained concerning them up to the very hour of exhibition. That the parade was an overwhelming success as a mirth-provoking spectacle was attested by the convulsions of laughter into which it threw the thousands of spectators who witnessed it. It cost the participants four thousand dollars, and when it was dismissed they enjoyed the consciousness of having thus perpetrated a folly which only the Seventh could afford. The parade was followed later in the evening by a concert, fire-works, and a general illumination.

A notable feature of this camp of 850 men was the number of generals whose presence was deemed necessary to maintain its military dignity and prestige. Of these officers no less than seven occupied the row of large, elegantly furnished double tents that lined the edge of the bluff overlooking the river. They were Major-General **Farnsworth**, the Adjutant-General; Major-General **Robbins**, the Inspector-General of Rifle Practice; Brigadier-General **Wylie**, Commissary-General; Brigadier-General **Briggs**, Inspector-General; Paymaster-General **Rich**; Surgeon-General **Bryant**; and Acting Assistant Adjutant-General **Phisterer**, the Post-Adjutant.

Although on the whole the Seventh enjoyed itself, and its members fully realized their expectations, most of them are satisfied that for the present the regiment has had enough of the *country* and enough of *glory*. The camp is now occupied by the Thirteenth Regiment.

"DISARMED!"*

By MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS,

Author of "Kitty," "Exchange no Robbery," "Holidays in Eastern France," "Dr. Jacob," "The Sylvestres; or, the Outcasts," etc.

CHAPTER XXX.—(*Continued.*)

Stephana paused, and piercingly, although with angelic mildness, gazed on her energumen. For was not this poor thing a very demoniac, demon-haunted, struggling against the light of shining truth and goodness?

After a brief silence, during which Miss Hermitage moved restlessly in her chair, Stephana asked, in a sad, gentle voice: "If, then, no sin, why any shame? You say there was a marriage?"

Again Miss Hermitage turned away from the beautiful winter sunlight and the sight of the silvery sea, and tossed her head uneasily on the cushions. "Valerian knows. Valerian guesses. It is his affair. I want you to talk to me of other things," she moaned, querulously, half crying.

Stephana looked and listened in a painful state of doubt. She did not feel sure that Christina was telling the truth.

"It is very unkind of you to disoblige me," she said, in the same pettish tones. "I have had a great shock. It will very likely kill me. I do want to know what you think dying is—dying—dying! We talk of it every day, but who knows anything at all?"

"I could give you peace would you but give me something in exchange," Stephana made answer. "You can not have quieting thoughts and lovely dreams and celestial visitations whilst you nurse an uneasy conscience."

"I am afraid of you, Stephana. Yet what harm can you do me? Why do you gaze as if to read me through and through? What do you want?"

"Only the truth," answered Stephana, almost solemnly. "This shrinking from Valerian, this unnatural dislike, this secrecy of so many years, if, indeed, it is as you say—"

"I am a common woman, but I sinned not the common sin," Christina said at last. "Valerian was born in wedlock." She now sat up in her arm-chair, and spoke rapidly and desperately, as if keenly anxious to unburden herself, as before she had been resolute to keep silence. "You can not judge me. Your young life was happier and better than mine. I had never any liberty, any love. I was Eve snatching the forbidden fruit. But Colette knows. Colette shall tell you everything."

"Much is forgiven where love has tempted into wrong-doing," said Stephana—"if you loved indeed."

"What is love?" asked Miss Hermitage, impatiently. "There is a love born of passion; that is love like hate. You are young; you may still know a better kind. I never shall."

"The love of men and women for each other should be lasting and sweet, but may turn to the bitterness of gall. There is other love in the world, and good and comforting it is. That should be yours now."

"You have Valerian in your mind. I forget that you two are going to marry. That is why you want me to be kind to him, I suppose."

"Just to him rather; justice is the best kindness, the only kindness I am thinking of."

"Valerian will never forgive me, whatever I do for him now—never, never."

"He will, he must forgive," Stephana replied. "But tell me one thing—why this concealment of so many years if Valerian is entitled to his father's name?"

"The name would have shamed me and him. 'Twas a low marriage. That is why. Is not pride the devil's offspring? Such pride was my father's and mine."

"Yours was not all the blame, then! You were constrained to this deceit?" Stephana asked, with pitying concern.

Miss Hermitage answered, averting her face: "All women are not idolaters of their children. I suppose, if I had cared much about Valerian, I should never have consented to the past."

Stephana listened in silence, saddening as she heard.

CHAPTER XXXI.

"Our ghost story anon," said Mr. Constantine, when Arthura entered his room, precisely at twelve of the clock, on the third day of the new year. "I have something to tell you, my Prospera. The world is turned topsy-turvy. We are all walking on our heads. You and I are a-dreaming like our betters."

Arthura opened her eyes, although not more astonished than usual. Mr. Constantine would be astonishing as long as breath was left in his body.

"What! No impatient why and wherefore? No Lord 'a mercy, and all good angels save us!"

"The world has always seemed to me topsy-turvy, sir, and if people did not walk on their heads would they make so many blunders?" asked Arthura.

"On my word, a pat answer ever on the tip of her tongue! Walking on the head has not muddled your thoughts, anyhow. But the news—the wonderful news! I really have no breath for it all. Well, all kinds of marvels happened on New-Year's Day. The household by the sea is broken up. Valerian and his rich patroness have parted company. He is coming to make his way in London."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1373.

Arthura listened now, all expectation. Her fresh girlish trust in Valerian was not clouded. He might be going to marry Stephana in the eyes of the world, but he was her own Valerian for all that. Love makes two people belong to each other forever, thought Arthura, and so think most lovers and maidens at twenty-four.

"I have not told you half the news yet," Mr. Constantine added. "The most important part of it was confided to me in strictest secrecy. Can you keep a secret, my dear?"

"No, indeed, sir; the gist of a secret lies in the telling."

"'Tis a dead secret, then; but, on my life, I can't help telling you. I am tired, however; I will wait till the morrow. By-the-way, where *do* you get your ghost stories?"

"Ghosts run in my family, sir, and my stepmother has taught me several. She has an especial affection for this."

"Admirable woman! Would I had such a stepmother! Well, for your story. Be your ghost freakish, pranky, benign, hair-bristling, horrid, he is welcome. Come in, good ghost. I bid you good-morrow, kind ghost. We wait for you."

If Arthura excelled in the art of telling ghost stories, it was as Mr. Constantine's pupil. He had fashioned her to the business, first by showing her how tales of wonder should be read, and next by showing her how they should be narrated. Arthura was guileless of book-learning, but her apt, eager, audacious young mind must have some aliment, and she found it here. The supernatural, the marvellous, the unknown, were to her what ordinary love stories, boarding-school music, and clerical slipper making are to those young ladies as yet outside the intellectual regions of wranglerships or the classical tripos. So she had thrown heart and soul into her new vocation, amazed herself no less than her instructor by the new powers thus developed.

"A most ingratiating ghost! a most sociable, unceremonious ghost! We'll ask for his company another day. Now take up those wondrous little forest stories from Germany. Read about the ancient bride who on her marriage morn was enticed away by a wizard of beautiful appearance, and when he let her go from his enchanted garden she found every one staring at her with amazement, as well they might. She had been away a hundred years! Open the book where you like. 'Tis all fascination, mystery, and wonder."

Arthura did as she was bidden; but ere she had read a page, the old man said:

"You may leave off, my Prospera. I am not lucid to-night. I feel already in the land of shadows you have so beautifully brought before me. And soon I shall be one of them—but not too soon! Why do we live so long?" he continued, after a pause. "Be warned, my Prospera: die young; die in the full favor of your friends and the world, or inherit five thousand a year. Old age is a luxury for the rich to indulge in only. Remember the worst line ever penned by a great poet,

> 'Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.'

We must buy 'em all when we begin to tumble to pieces—eyesight, feet to walk on, *esprit;* and if we can't buy a digestion, like the man in the story, meats are to be had requiring none. But age and penury, decrepitude and forlornness—'tis a picture to melt the gods to compassion." He raised his head and looked at Arthura with an odd smile. "People for the most part take too much trouble about keeping the breath of life in them. As if life for the mere sake of life were worth a pinch of salt! But the manner of life whilst we are in our prime, how many does that concern? When the tools fall from our hands, let us make way for our betters, I say. You are young, and shall greet many a sunrising, but 'tis time for me to wrap myself in my cloak and turn my face to the wall. God bless me! And now good-night, my dear; I can sleep, I think. Rest you well."

Arthura stole quietly out of the chamber, although little disposed to close her own eyes. What, indeed, had she to do with sleep after such news? Valerian no longer his kinswoman's dependent, Valerian manfully making his own way in the world, seemed twice, threefold, her own. She realized in a moment, as she thought, the effect of these welcome disasters not only on her lover's worldly prospects, but on his love for herself. The necessity for self-reliance and his very isolation must draw them nearer together, reasoned the generous girl, ever judging of the springs of action in others by her own. Could this change mean anything else but the fulfillment of happy common dreams, a sweet home, and toil mutually shared, daily fare made romantic and beautiful because it belonged to two?

When at last she did sleep it was to dream sweetly, and next day when she set off as usual to help Steppie with the housekeeping and the children's lessons, it was with a beaming face. To her great astonishment, Steppie, who met her at the railway station, wore a beaming face also. She not only smiled, she actually indulged in a near approach to a laugh. "Dear little mamma, has Aunt Fanny sent each of the children a Sunday suit?" asked Arthura.

"Oh, Arthura, why am I so much more wicked than other people? I ought to be weeping and wailing in a darkened room." Here she did indeed break down and give a genuine sob. "Aunt Fanny will never send the children any more new frocks." Another sob. "Aunt Fanny's gone to heaven." Then the tears ceased to flow, and the pale, pretty, care-worn face brightened again. "Aunt Fanny has left me a thousand pounds."

"Kind Aunt Fanny! You will be so much happier now," Arthura said.

"No; I shall be more comfortable, but not happier; instead, more miserable. Think how heartless of me to be able to rejoice at such a moment!"

"But you are rejoicing over the thousand pounds, not over your aunt Fanny's death. I am sure you are as sorry as can be."

"That I am," said poor Steppie, wiping her eyes. "And, oh, Arthura, I shall never forgive myself for not having finished those mits I was knitting as a Christmas gift. There was a dense fog on the day I wanted to buy more silk, and I dreaded going out in it, and now poor Aunt Fanny"—here she began sobbing again—"will never have her black silk mits—never! never!"

"You must comfort yourself with the thought that she does not want them," Arthura made reply. She had never seen Aunt Fanny in her life.

"Nor does she want the thousand pounds. That ought to be a comfortable thought too," poor Steppie said. "But how I wish she had left me the legacy and gone on living all the same! There is always something to spoil our enjoyment in the world."

"We must not be on the watch for it, then," Arthura replied, cheerfully. "We should have had eyes in the back of our heads had Providence intended us to see everything at once. You can not bring Aunt Fanny back again, but you can so use her money as to make us all happier by seeing you so."

"Oh, Arthura, I was never more miserable in my life!"

"But people can be happy and miserable at the same moment; and just think what a comfort this money will be! Mr. Constantine shall advise us as to the investment. You will be quite rich."

"Am I the most selfish being in the world?" cried Steppie, indignantly. "Every penny you have spent on me and the poor children shall now be repaid you. Then your poor papa's debts—they are mine as well as yours."

"We will settle everything by-and-by," Arthura said. "You shall do exactly as I like, and I will do exactly as you like. That is the way to settle quarrels."

Then they reached the house. What an abode of content and animation now that Arthura was a daily visitant! No more gloom, monotony, plaints; all vivacity, freshness, grace. Thus will a bright spirit transform a dark place.

"Kisses first and lessons afterward," cried the boy Walter, throwing his arms round his stepsister's neck, and kissing her again and again.

"Buns first and lessons afterward," cried Benjamine in her turn, laying a nefarious hand on Arthura's cloak pocket. Gentlest, most docile creature imaginable, she as yet resembled those little animals so low in the stage of development as to consist of a mere sac and an orifice—skin and stomach only.

"Arthura," said Walter, "when you have taught me all you know, will you let me go to sea?"

"Why can not you be content to stay with mother and Arthura and little sisters?" asked Steppie, reproachfully.

"Because you will love me twice as much when I am a sea-captain," cried the boy. "And I want to come home with a red face and a purseful of money, and see all the people throwing up their windows to look at me as I strut up the street."

Benjamine laughed immoderately, Steppie called to order, and spelling and sums were begun.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOURTH OF JULY.

TIME gives us many days and hours to keep,
Some for triumphant joy, and some for tears;
But, O bright July day, 'tis thine to reap
The splendid harvest of the lengthening years.

Sandaled in sunshine, clothed in heat and light,
Crown'd with the song and rose of summer's prime,
O fairest-born of days, thine is the right
To wear the Stars of Freedom for all time.

Through all thy joyful hours our flag shall fly,
In divers-colored pride—red, blue, and white—
And the sweet music of humanity
From grateful hearts salute thy lordlier light,

As men salute a mother from whose hands
They've taken precious gifts, as men who hear
The sighing of the sad down-trodden lands
But lift free heads, and know not how to fear,
Because thy splendor grows from year to year.

THE MISSISSIPPI FLOODS.

EVERY month of the present year has been prolific in storms, cyclones, floods, and various forms of devastation along the valleys of the great Western waterways, but none has been more disastrous nor caused greater distress than the terrible flood which last week swept out of the Missouri and down the Mississippi River. Above their confluence the Missouri is a larger stream than the Mississippi, and rising in the Rocky Mountains, as do its principal tributaries, the Yellowstone and Platte, it is much more subject to sudden and overwhelming rises than is the Mississippi along the upper portion of its course. It is therefore below their junction, and after the Missouri has hurled his mighty volume into the already swollen current of the Mississippi, that the greatest danger is to be apprehended.

It is this same rush of Missouri waters during the annual freshets of past centuries that has formed the vast alluvial deposits along the eastern bank of the Mississippi for two hundred miles, from Alton to Cairo, or from a short distance below the mouth of the Illinois to the mouth of the Ohio River. These deposits vary from one to ten miles in width, and are known as the "American Bottoms." Containing hundreds of thousands of the richest farming lands in Illinois, of inexhaustible fertility and easily worked, these lands offer such irresistible attractions to the agriculturist that, in spite of the danger to which they are annually exposed from high waters, they are thickly settled. The settlers attempt to protect their lands by building dikes or levees along the river-banks, and those of the bayous making in from it; but as these are erected at a time of low water, they are rarely of sufficient strength to withstand the terrible force hurled against them whenever the river chooses to assert his ancient dominion. At such times strenuous efforts are made to strengthen the dikes. The entire available force of the country is concentrated at the weak points, earth in bags, the contents of warehouses, of freight-cars, of hay-ricks—everything procurable and movable is flung into the breach. For a time it looks as though these efforts would be crowned with success, and hope inspires the workers with renewed strength. Suddenly the river seems to gather itself together as though for a spring; a wall of water advances toward the barrier, and in a moment it is swept away, and disappears as completely as though it had never been. With an exulting roar, the turbid waters roll through the breach, and rush like hungry demons over the level country, drowning everything in their path, and replacing with death and ruin the teeming life and smiling plenty of a moment before.

Besides the fierce onslaught, the wily river employs strategy, and often its insidious underminings have so weakened a dike that almost before danger is announced a section of it melts away like a snow-bank before the breath of summer, and the mocking waters sweep on, unopposed, to their work of destruction.

Although the Missouri, and consequently the Mississippi, is subject to periodical freshets known as "June rises," caused by the melting of Rocky Mountain snows, the floods of last week were the effect of heavy and protracted rains in the Missouri Valley. At St. Louis the flood began on June 20, and on the 25th the Madison Levee, above the city on the opposite side of the river, broke, and the mad waters spread with terrible rapidity over the rich bottom-lands that it should have protected. Villages, farm-houses, railway embankments, cattle, and crops were swept away in an hour; wealth and prosperity were replaced by utter destitution, and the work of ruin over a vast extent of country was complete. For two days more the waters rose, and with each hour fresh barriers to its progress were overwhelmed, until the whole of the wide-spread bottom-lands, on which the crops, almost ready for harvesting, were the heaviest known for years, was covered with a turbid sea.

Across the bottom-lands thus flooded a dozen railway lines found their way over high embankments to the bridge connecting East St. Louis with St. Louis across the river. One after another several of these road-beds were swept or melted away, until the Chicago and Alton, the Rockford, Rock Island, and St. Louis, the Indianapolis and St. Louis, the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy, and the Wabash railroads were cut off from communication with the city, save by a roundabout route over the Vandalia road, which, with the Ohio and Mississippi, retained its embankment intact.

While the loss of property by this wide-spread calamity, which is felt from Kansas City on the Missouri to Cairo on the Mississippi, is almost incalculable, the loss of human life, owing to the timely warnings of the telegraph, is slight. The destitution of the thousands of homeless people who escaped to the bluffs or the higher railway embankments, and who still remain there awaiting the subsidence of the regular June flood, which followed close behind its rain-fed predecessor, is absolute and pitiful, and calls for immediate and generous contributions for their relief.

On page 420 our artist has illustrated a night scene of work on the levees during the heroic but, as was soon proved, fruitless efforts to save them. Such scenes are only too common along the Mississippi, and will continue to be so as long as the safety of its bottom-lands is intrusted to slight and unscientifically constructed barriers of earth.

ENGLISH GOSSIP.

[FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.]

Wily Fish-Dealers.—Vivisection in Paris.—Reprisals.—The late William Chambers.—"I am Jack."—The Chess Tournament.—The new "Cornhill."—Street Noises.

AMID the cheers of exultation over the Fisheries Exhibition, I ventured to hint, in the gentlest of whispers, that when the noise of the trumpets had died away, I was rather doubtful whether much (or, at all events, cheap) fish would come of it. It now appears, alas! that the stall-holders in the exhibition all keep fish-mongers' shops in the town. As a journal more sensible than polite has dryly put it, "What tradesman would be such an idiot as to sell cheap in the new market for the sake of showing what inordinately large profits his shop makes?" Fish will never be sold at a reasonable price "till some well-managed company is started to own fishing vessels and sell the fish themselves."

The French savants are very indignant at what they call a "public outrage," which has been committed upon Dr. Brown-Séquard. This gentleman is one of those physiologists who confess as regards vivisection that whether animals suffer or not is a question that "has never entered their minds." He scorns to employ anæsthetics as being a giving in to popular clamor, and when there is clamor from his tortured victims, silences them by "severing the vocal chords." The other day he was about to vivisect a monkey in public for the edification of a large audience. The poor creature began to shriek with pain and terror, and a young lady in the company, moved by a natural compassion, sprang on to the platform and struck him in the face with her parasol. She ought not to have done it, of course, for she ought not to have been present; but I confess I feel a much greater sympathy for her than the professor had for the monkey. It was a generous impulse, and considering the strong likeness that she could not have failed to see in the animal to her grinning fellow-countrymen, I do not wonder at her indulging in it.

I suppose it is the preaching of the new religion of dynamite that has caused of late enormous crimes to be attempted upon the slightest provocation. Nothing is now more common than for a workman who has been dismissed from the employment of a railway company to make what Mr. Whistler calls "an arrangement" with sleepers, or other material, for the destruction of an express train. The killing and wounding of a score or two of his fellow-countrymen who have never injured him seems to him a fair equivalent for the loss of a pound a week. It is no wonder that, as nothing particular is done to these gentry when convicted, this desire for reprisals on an exaggerated scale should grow. One gentleman, however—Irish, it need hardly be said—has lately out-Heroded Herod in this line of business. Having been refused entrance to a circus on account of his being in an advanced stage of intoxication, he purchased petroleum, saturated the tent with it, and during the next performance, when it was filled with spectators, set it on fire!

I can not help thinking that, notwithstanding the advantage of new blood—which is as highly thought of in some quarters as old blood is in others—it would be better for journalism if such very young hands were not so generally employed in writing obituaries. It is quite right that obituaries should be "genial," but they should be written by men who have some remembrance of the persons described. When an old gentleman happens to decease it is quite sad to note how little the scribe who "notices" the circumstance seems to know about him. Mr. William Chambers, for example, or, as some call him, Sir William Chambers, has been spoken of as "childless," as "having unfortunately lost his children in infancy," as "the author of *Traditions of Edinburgh*," as "the writer of one of the most charming biographies of modern times," and as having "contributed countless articles to the *Journal* with which his name is inseparably connected." Some of these things are true, but they are not true of William Chambers. He never had any children; he did not write the famous *Traditions;* he rarely contributed to the *Journal*, except for the last half-dozen years; and the so-called autobiography was written chiefly by his brother Robert. The latter died at a very stormy period, when the newspapers had something else to talk about, and the circumstance was hardly noted, but he was by very far the more remarkable of the two brothers. William, indeed, started the *Journal*, but Robert made it what it was, and supplied for many years its literary attractions.

It is not always pleasant for one brother to be taken for another. Last week I saw two old gentlemen, A and B, meet at the club, after a separation of twenty years. They recognized each other at once, and seemed very cordial. After much talk of old times, A observed, in a hushed voice, "And how is that poor ne'er-do-well younger brother of yours—Jack—getting on?"

"Sir," said B, "I am Jack."

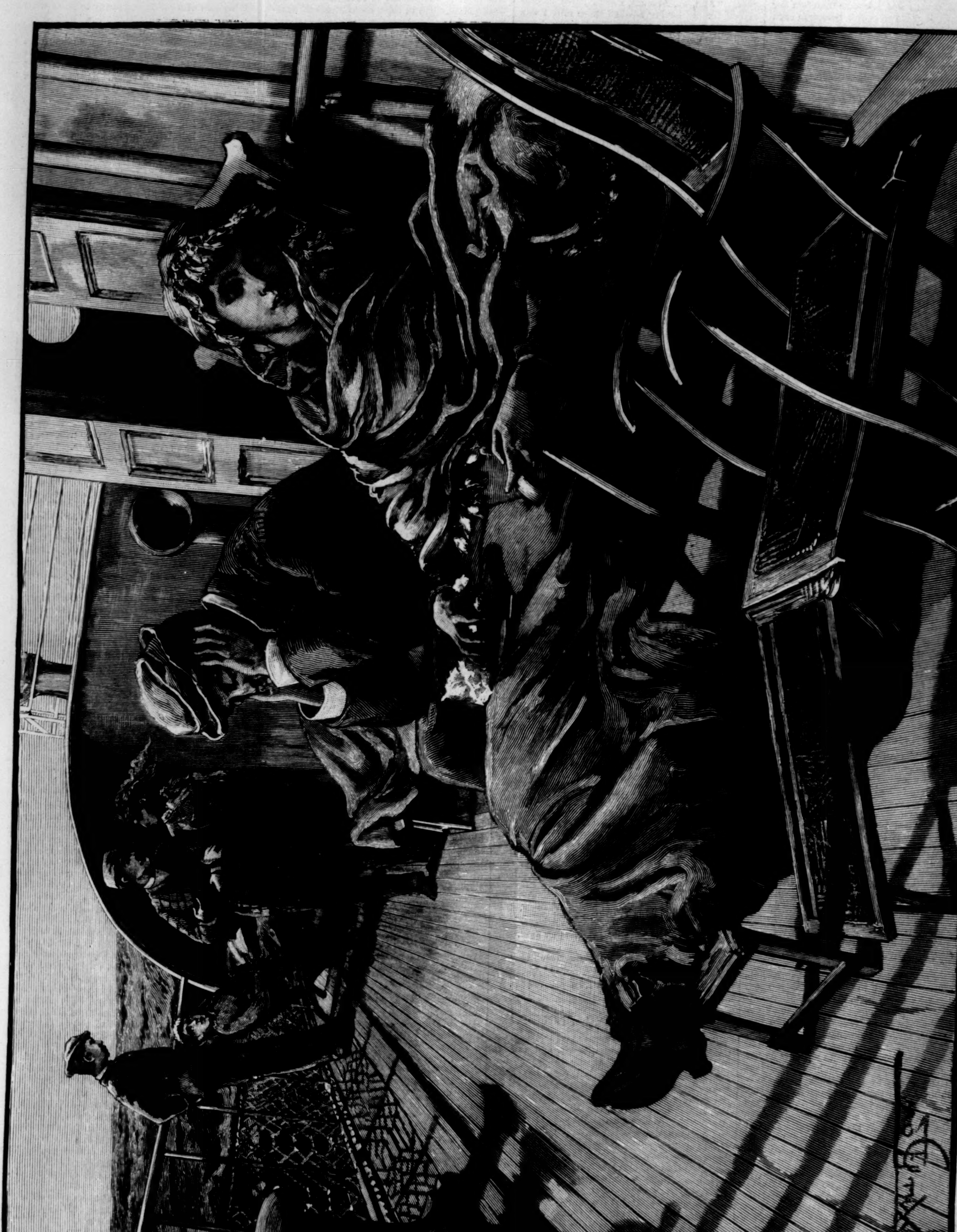
After these many years it was no such wonder that A should have taken the younger brother for the elder, but it was very unfortunate.

I went the other day to see the Chess Tournament. It was a most amazing spectacle. Two hundred people or so, saying nothing, and looking on in hushed excitement at half a dozen pairs of people doing nothing. These latter were roped in exactly like wax figures in a show, only not looking so life-like. They had chess-boards before them, over which they leaned on their elbows, and every now and then they moved a hand; then, and not before the movement, as is usual, there was a sound of clock-work, and an indicator registered the circumstance. They were all smoking, but without at all enjoying it; they had a fixed mechanical stare, very painful to witness, and an appearance of mental and physical weariness such as I once saw in a certain member of the genus Batrachia (*Bufo vulgaris*), which had just been extricated from a stone in which he must have been shut up for at least 500 years. Of course I knew that chess-players were not a lively lot. I didn't expect to see them hopping about like frogs, but their stolidity appalled me.

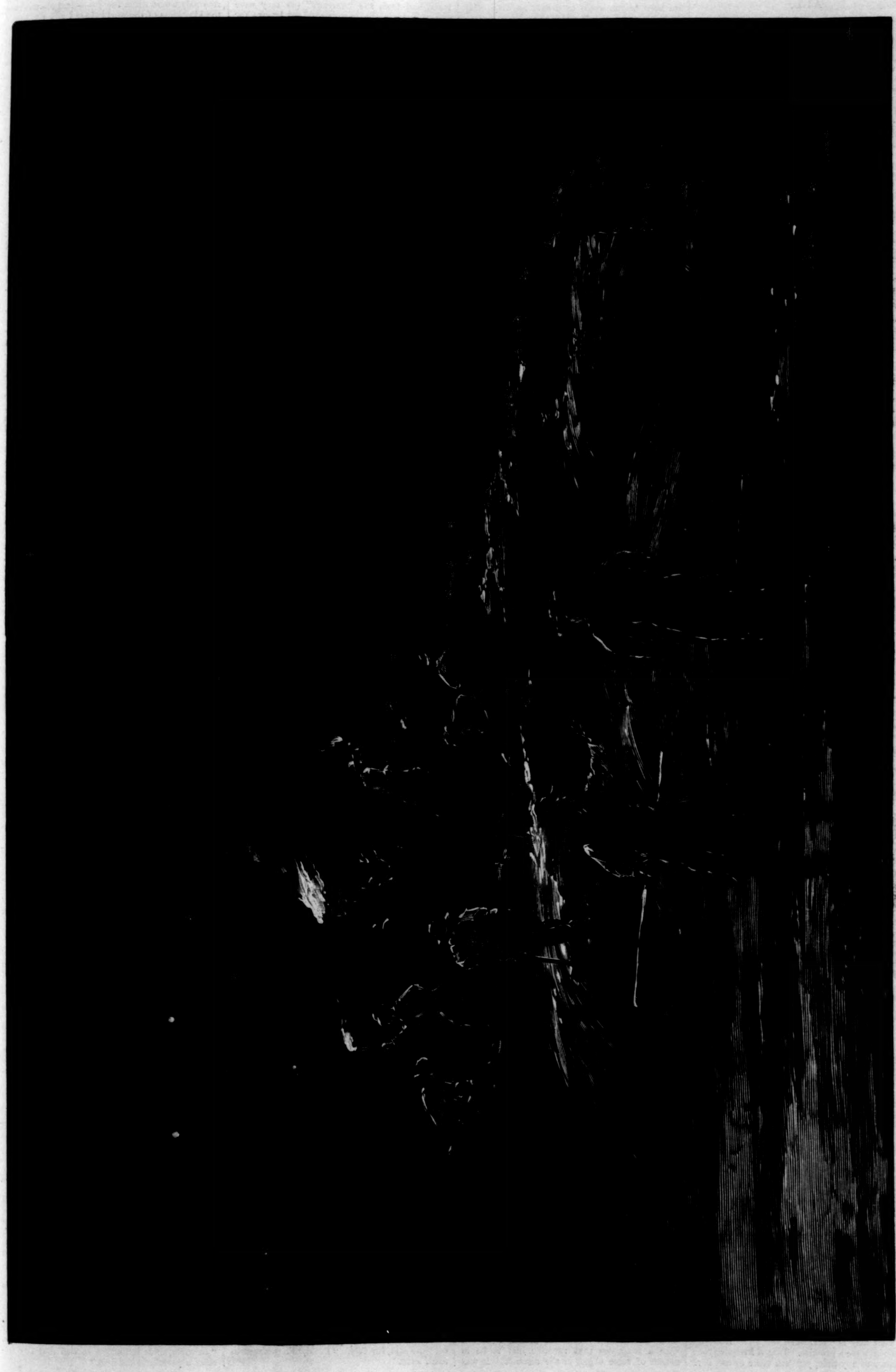
The announcements concerning the new *Cornhill* have been very funny. The *Athenæum* spoke of its being about to have fourteen full-page illustrations, instead of two as at present. The *Athenæum* is not an illustrated paper, it is true, but I should have thought some one connected with it would have known something about what full-page illustrations cost. As a matter of fact, however, there will be a great number of pictures in the new magazine, more and better than can be conceived of as being bought for sixpence; but the chief feature of it will be its short stories and the freedom from "padding." I have not a doubt myself that if enough (and good enough) short stories can be got, the venture will be a success; but the question is, *can* they? They are undoubtedly the rarest of all literary wares. If an author has a good plot he will not "throw it away," as he calls it, upon a short story, and up to this time it has been a most uncommon sight to see two good ones in any one number of an English magazine.

I am glad to see that the *Lancet* is taking up the subject of street noises, and showing the serious effects which the preventable ones, especially the street organs, have upon human health. There can be no pretense of their giving pleasure to any ear, for their sounds are execrable, while the torture they inflict upon invalids, especially on those suffering from neuralgic disorders, can hardly be exaggerated. What is at the root of the nuisance is, as the *Lancet* points out, that "if a man is not himself sensitive about noises, he cares nothing for his neighbors."

R. KEMBLE, of London.



THE WEDDING TRIP.—Drawn by Will H. Low.



THE FLOODS AT ST. LOUIS—WORKING ON THE LEVEE AT NIGHT.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 423.]

HERE'S A SONG, COMRADES ALL.

Here's a song, comrades all, for the flag of our nation,
That, undimmed by old Time, still resplendently shows
The colors that met at its grand consecration,
The gifts of the bluebell, the lily, and rose;
And whose stars have grown greater in number and lustre
Since first they were lighted by Liberty's hand,
And now, clinging closely in beautiful cluster,
Shed their light far and wide over ocean and land.

Here's a song, comrades all, for the flag ever ready
To shelter the wand'rer who shelter no more
Can find in the Old World—the flag always steady
In welcome to those who are seeking our shore;
The flag that rejoices when Peace lingers near us,
But never in war shrinks from mightiest foe;
The flag that is waiting to bless and to cheer us
With thoughts of our dear home where'er we may go.

Here's a song, comrades all, for the flag that floats o'er us,
The sign of a country prosperity blest:
Come join with a will in a fine rousing chorus,
From the North and the South, from the East and the West.
Hurrah! for the staff that so firmly upholds it
Through fiercest of tempests with strength ever new;
Hurrah! once again for the breeze that unfolds it,
And hip! hip! hurrah! for the red, white, and blue.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

The Romantic Adventures of a Milkmaid.

By THOMAS HARDY,

AUTHOR OF "A LAODICEAN," "THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE," "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD," ETC.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"
"I'm going a milking, sir," she said.

CHAPTER V.—(*Continued.*)

MARGERY did not awake till they stopped to change horses, when she saw against the stars the Baron sitting as erect as ever. "He watches like the angel Gabriel, when all the world is asleep!" she thought.

With the resumption of motion she slept again, and knew no more till he touched her hand and said, "Our journey is done—we are in Chillington Wood."

It was almost daylight. Margery scarcely knew herself to be awake till she was out of the carriage and standing beside the Baron, who, having told the coachman to drive on to a certain point indicated, turned to her.

"Now," he said, smiling, "run across to the hollow tree; you know where it is. I'll wait as before, while you perform the reverse operation that you did last night." She took no heed of the path now, nor regarded whether her pretty slippers became scratched by the brambles or no. A walk of a few steps brought her to the particular tree which she had left about nine hours earlier. It was still gloomy at this spot, the morning not being clear.

She entered the trunk, dislodged the box containing her old clothing, pulled off the satin shoes and gloves and dress, and in ten minutes emerged in the cotton gown and shawl of shepherd's plaid.

The Baron was not far off. "Now you look the milkmaid again," he said, coming toward her. "Where is the finery?"

"Packed in the box, sir, as I found it." She spoke with more humility now. The difference between them was greater than it had been at the ball.

"Good," he said. "I must just dispose of it, and then away we go."

He went back to the tree, Margery following at a little distance. Bringing forth the box, he pulled out the dress as carelessly as if it had been rags. But this was not all. He gathered a few dry sticks, crushed the lovely garment into a loose billowy heap, threw the gloves, fan, and shoes on the top, then struck a light and ruthlessly set fire to the whole.

Margery was agonized. She ran forward; she implored and entreated. "Please, sir—do spare it—do! My lovely dress—my dear, dear slippers—my fan—it is cruel! Don't burn them, please!"

"Nonsense! We shall have no further use for them if we live a hundred years."

"But spare a bit of it—one little piece, sir—a scrap of the lace—one bow of the ribbon—the lovely fan—just something!"

But he was as immovable as Rhadamanthus. "No," he said, with a stern gaze of his aristocratic eye. "It is of no use for you to speak like that. The things are my property. I undertook to gratify you in what you might desire because you had saved my life. To go to a ball, you said. You might much more wisely have said anything else; but no, you said to go to a ball. I have taken you to a ball. I have brought you back. The clothes were only the means, and I dispose of them my own way. Have I not a right to?"

"Yes, sir," she said, meekly.

He gave the fire a stir, and lace and ribbons, and the twelve flounces, and the embroidery, and all the rest, crackled and disappeared. He then put in her hands the butter basket she had brought to take on to her grandmother's, and accompanied her to the edge of the wood, where it merged in the undulating open country in which her granddame dwelt.

"Now, Margery," he said, "here we part. I have performed my contract—at some awkwardness, if I was recognized. But never mind that. How do you feel—sleepy?"

"Not at all, sir," she said.

"That long nap refreshed you, eh? Now you must make me a promise. That if I require your presence at any time, you will come to me.... I am a man of more than one mood," he went on, with sudden solemnity, "and I may have desperate need of you again to deliver me from that darkness as of Death which sometimes encompasses me. Promise it, Margery—promise it, that, no matter what stands in the way, you will come to me if I require you."

"I would have if you had not burned my things!" she pouted.

"Ah—ungrateful!"

"Indeed, then, I will promise, sir," she said from her heart. "Wherever I am, if I have bodily strength, I will come to you."

He pressed her hand. "It is a solemn promise," he replied. "Now I must go, for you know your way."

"I shall hardly believe that it has not been all a dream," she said, with a childish instinct to cry at his withdrawal. "There will be nothing left of last night—nothing of my dress, nothing of my pleasure, nothing of the place."

"You shall remember it in this way," said he. "We'll cut our initials on this tree as a memorial, so that whenever you walk this path you will see them."

Then with a knife he inscribed on the smooth bark of a beech-tree the letters M. T., and underneath a large X.

"What, have you no Christian name, sir?" she said.

"Yes, but I don't use it. Now, good-by, my little friend. What will you do with yourself today when you are gone from me?" he lingered to ask.

"Oh, I shall go to my granny's," she replied, with some gloom, "and have breakfast and dinner and tea with her, I suppose; and in the evening I shall go home to Stickleford Dairy, and perhaps Jim will come to meet me, and all will be the same as usual."

"Who is Jim?"

"Oh, he's nobody—only the young man I've got to marry some day."

"What! you engaged to be married! Why didn't you tell me this before?"

"I—I don't know, sir."

"What is the young man's name?"

"James Hayward, sir."

"What is he?"

"A master lime-burner."

"Engaged to a master lime-burner, and not a word of this to me! Margery, Margery! when shall a straightforward one of your sex be found! Subtle even in your simplicity! What mischief have you caused me to do, through not telling me this? I wouldn't have so endangered anybody's happiness for a thousand pounds. Wicked girl that you were, why didn't you tell me?"

"I thought I'd better not, sir," said Margery, beginning to be frightened.

"But don't you see and understand that if you are already the property of a young man, and he were to find out this night's excursion, he may be angry with you and part from you forever? With him already in the field I had no right to take you at all; he undoubtedly ought to have taken you; which really might have been arranged if you had not deceived me by saying you had nobody."

Margery's face wore that aspect of woe which comes from the repentant consciousness of having been guilty of an enormity. "But he wasn't good enough to take me, sir!" she said, almost crying; "and he isn't absolutely my master until I have married him, is he?"

"That's a subject I can not go into. However, we must alter our tactics. Instead of advising you, as I did at first, to tell of this experience to your friends, I must now impress on you that it will be best to keep a silent tongue on the matter—perhaps for ever and ever. It may come right some day, and you may be able to say 'All's well that ends well.' Now, good-morning, my friend. Think of Jim, and forget me."

"Ah, perhaps I can't do that," she said, with a tear in her eye, and a full throat.

"Well, do your best. I can say no more."

He turned and retreated into the wood, and Margery, sighing, went on her way.

CHAPTER VI.

BETWEEN six and seven o'clock in the evening of the same day a young man might have been seen descending the hills into the valley of the Swenn at a point about midway between Stickleford and the residence of Margery's grandmother, four miles to the west.

He was a thorough-bred son of the country, as far removed from what is known as the provincial as the latter is from the out-and-out gentleman of culture. His trousers and waistcoat were of fustian, almost white, but he wore a jacket of old-fashioned blue West of England cloth, so well preserved that evidently the article was relegated to a nail whenever its owner engaged in such active occupations as he usually pursued. His complexion was fair, almost florid, and he had scarcely any beard.

A novel attraction about this young man, which a glancing stranger would know nothing of, was a rare and curious freshness of atmosphere that appertained to him, to his clothes, to all his belongings, even to the room in which he had been sitting. It might almost have been said that by adding him and his implements to an overcrowded apartment you made it healthful. This resulted from his trade. He was a lime-burner; he handled lime daily; and in return the lime rendered him an incarnation of salubrity. His hair was dry, fair, and frizzled, the latter possibly by the operation of the same caustic agent. He carried as a walking-stick a green sapling, whose growth had been contorted to a corkscrew pattern by a twining honeysuckle.

As he descended to the level ground of the water meadows he cast his glance westward with a frequency that revealed him to be in search of some object in the distance. It was rather difficult to do this, the low sunlight dazzling his eyes by glancing from the river away there, and from the "carriers" (as they were called) in his path—narrow artificial brooks for conducting the water over the grass. His course was something of a zigzag, from the necessity of finding points in these carriers convenient for jumping. Thus peering and leaping and winding, he drew near the Swenn, the central river of the miles-long mead.

A moving spot became visible to him in the direction of his scrutiny, mixed up with the rays of the same river. The spot got nearer, and revealed itself to be a slight thing of pink cotton and shepherd's plaid, which pursued a path on the brink of the stream. The young man so shaped his trackless course as to impinge on the path a little ahead of this colored form, and when he drew near her he smiled and reddened. The girl smiled back to him; but her smile had not the life in it that the young man's had shown.

"My dear Margery, here I am!" he said, gladly, in an under-tone, as with a last leap he crossed the last intervening carrier and stood at her side.

"You've come all the way from the kiln, on purpose to meet me, and you shouldn't have done it," she reproachfully returned.

"We finished there at four, so it was no trouble; and if it had been, why, I should ha' come."

A small sigh was the response.

"What, you are not even so glad to see me as you would be to see your dog or cat?" he continued. "Come, Mis'ess Margery, this is rather hard. But, by George, how tired you do look! Why, if you'd been up all night your eyes couldn't be more like tea-saucers. You've walked too far, that's what it is. The weather is getting warm now, and the air of these low-lying meads is not strengthening in summer. I wish you lived up on higher ground with me, beside the kiln. You'd get as strong as a hoss! Well, there; all that will come in time."

Instead of saying yes, the fair maid repressed another sigh.

"What, won't it, then?" he said.

"I suppose so," she answered. "If it is to be, it is."

"Well said—very well said, my dear."

"And if it isn't to be, it isn't."

"What? Who's been putting that into your head? Your grumpy granny, I suppose. However, how is she? Margery, I have been thinking to-day—in fact, I was thinking it yesterday and all the week—that really we might settle our little business this summer."

"This summer?" she repeated, with some dismay. "But the partnership? Remember, it was not to be till after that was completed."

"There I have you!" said he, taking the liberty to pat her shoulder, and the further liberty of advancing his hand behind it to the other. "The partnership is settled. 'Tis 'Vine & Hayward, lime-burners,' now, and 'Richard Vine' no longer. Yes, Cousin Richard has settled it so, for a time at least, and 'tis to be painted on the carts this week—blue letters—yaller ground. I'll hoss one of 'em, and drive en round to your door as soon as the paint is dry, to show ye how it looks."

"Oh, I am sure you needn't take that trouble, Jim; I can see it quite well enough in my mind," replied the young girl—not without a flitting accent of superiority.

"Hallo!" said Jim, taking her by the shoulders and looking at her hard. "What do that bit of incivility mean? Now, Margery, let's sit down here, and have this cleared." He rapped with his stick upon the rail of a little bridge they were crossing, and seated himself firmly, leaving a place for her.

"But I want to get home-along, dear Jim," she coaxed.

"Fidgets! Sit down, there's a dear. I want a straightforward answer, if you please. In what month, and on what day of the month, will you marry me?"

"Oh, Jim!" she said, sitting gingerly on the edge, "that's too plain-spoken for you yet. Before I look at it in that business light I should have to—to—"

"But your father has settled it long ago, and you said it should be as soon as I became a partner. So, dear, you must not mind a plain man wanting a plain answer. Come, name your time."

She did not reply at once. What thoughts were passing through her brain during the interval? Not images raised by his words, but whirling figures of men and women in red and white and blue, reflected from a glassy floor, in movements timed by the thrilling beats of the Drum Polka. At last she said, slowly, "Jim, you don't know the world, and what a woman's wants can be."

"But I can make you comfortable. I am in lodgings as yet, but I can have a house for the asking; and as to furniture, you shall choose of the best for yourself—the very best."

"'The best!' Far are you from knowing what that is!" said the little woman. "There be ornaments such as you never dream of; work-tables that would set you in amaze; silver candlesticks, tea and coffee pots that would dazzle your eyes; tea cups and saucers gilded all over with guinea-gold; heavy velvet curtains, gold clocks, pictures, and looking-glasses beyond your very dreams. So don't say I shall have the best."

"H'm!" said Jim, gloomily, and fell into reflection. "Where did you get those high notions from, Margery?" he presently inquired. "I'll swear you hadn't got 'em a week ago." She did not answer, and he added, "*You* don't expect to have such things, I hope, deserve them as you may?"

"I was not exactly speaking of what I wanted," she said, severely. "I said, things a woman *could* want."

"You are a pink and white conundrum, Margery," he said; "and I give you up for to-night. Anybody would think the d—— had showed you the kingdoms of the world since I saw you last."

She reddened; then arose, he following her; and they soon reached Margery's home, approaching it from the lower or meadow side—the opposite to that of the garden top, where she had met the Baron.

"You'll come in, won't you, Jim?" she said, with more ceremony than heartiness.

"No; I think not to-night," he answered. "I'll consider what you've said."

"You are very good, Jim," she returned, lightly. "Good-by."

CHAPTER VII.

JIM thoughtfully retraced his steps. He was a village character, and he had a villager's simplicity—that is, the simplicity which comes from the lack of a complicated experience. But simple by nature he certainly was not. Among the rank and file of rustics he was quite a Talleyrand, or, rather, had been one, till he lost a good deal of his self-command by falling in love.

Now, however, that the charming object of his distraction was out of sight he could deliberate, and measure, and weigh things with some approach to keenness. The substance of his queries was, what change had come over Margery—whence these new notions?

Ponder as he would, he could evolve no answer save one, which, eminently unsatisfactory as it was, he felt it would be unreasonable not to accept: that she was simply skittish and ambitious by nature, and would not be hunted into matrimony till he had provided a well-adorned home.

Jim returned to the kiln, and looked to the fires. The kiln stood in a peculiar, interesting, even impressive spot. It was at the end of a short ravine in the lower chalk formation, and all around was an open hilly down or coomb. The nearest house was that of Jim's cousin and partner, which stood on the outskirts of the down beside the turnpike-road. From this house a little lane wound between the steep escarpments of the ravine till it reached the kiln, which faced down the miniature valley, commanding it as a fort might command a defile.

The idea of a fort in this association owed little to imagination. For on the nibbled green steep above the kiln stood a by-gone, worn-out specimen of such an erection, huge, impressive, and difficult to scale even now in its decay. It was a British castle or entrenchment, with triple rings of defense, rising roll behind roll, their outlines cutting sharply against the sky, and Jim's kiln nearly undermining their base. When the lime-kiln flared up in the night, which it often did, its fires lit up the front of these ramparts to a great majesty. They were old friends of his, and while keeping up the heat through the long darkness, as it was sometimes his duty to do, he would imagine the dancing lights and shades about the stupendous earth-work to be the forms of those giants who (he supposed) had heaped it up. Often he clambered upon it, and walked about the summit, thinking out the problems connected with his business, his partner, his future, his Margery.

It was what he did this evening, continuing the meditation on the young girl's manner that he had begun upon the road, and still, as then, finding no clew to the change.

While thus engaged he observed a man coming up the ravine to the kiln. Business messages were almost invariably left at the house below, and Jim watched the man with the interest excited by a belief that he had come on a personal matter. On nearer approach Jim recognized him as the gardener at Mount Lodge. If this meant business, the Baron (of whose arrival Jim had vaguely heard) was a new and unexpected customer.

It meant nothing else, apparently. The man's errand was simply to inform Jim that the Baron required a load of lime for the garden.

"You might have saved yourself trouble by leaving word at Mr. Vine's," said Jim.

"I was to see you personally," said the gardener, "and to say that the Baron would like to inquire of you about the different qualities of lime proper for such purposes."

"Couldn't you tell him yourself?" said Jim.

"He said I was to tell you that," replied the gardener; "and it wasn't for me to interfere."

No motive other than the ostensible one could possibly be conjectured by Jim Hayward at this time; and the next morning he started with great pleasure, in his best business suit of clothes. By eleven o'clock he and his horse and cart had arrived on the Baron's premises, and the lime was deposited where directed: an exceptional spot, just within view of the windows of the south front.

Baron Xanten, pale and melancholy, was sauntering in the sun on the slope between the house and the all-the-year-round. He looked across to where Jim and the gardener were standing, and the identity of Hayward being established by what he brought, the Baron came down, and the gardener withdrew.

The Baron's first inquiries were, as Jim had been led to suppose they would be, on the exterminating effects of lime upon slugs and snails in its different conditions of slaked and unslaked, ground and in the lump. He appeared to be much interested by Jim's explanations, and eyed the young man closely whenever he had an opportunity.

"And I hope trade is prosperous with you this year?" said the Baron.

"Very, my noble lord," replied Jim, who, in his uncertainty on the proper method of address, wisely concluded that it was better to err by giving too much honor than by giving too little. "In short, trade is looking so well that I've become a partner in the firm."

"Indeed; I am glad to hear it. So now you are settled in life."

"Well, my lord, I am hardly settled, even now. For I've got to finish it—I mean, to get married."

"That's an easy matter, compared with the partnership."

"Now a man might think so, my lord," said Jim, getting more confidential. "But the real truth is, 'tis the hardest part of all for me."

"Your suit prospers, I hope?"

"It don't," said Jim. "It don't at all, just at present. In short, I can't for the life o' me think what's come over the young woman lately." And he fell into deep reflection.

Though Jim did not observe it, the Baron's brow became shadowed with self-reproach as he heard those simple words, and his eyes had a look of pity. "Indeed—since when?" he asked.

"Since yesterday, my noble lord." Jim spoke meditatively. He was resolving upon a bold stroke. Why not make a confidant of this kind gentleman, instead of the parson, as he had intended? The thought was no sooner conceived than acted on. "My lord," he resumed, "I have heard that you are a nobleman of great scope and talent, who has seen more strange countries and characters than I have ever heard of, and knows the insides of men well. Therefore I would fain put a question to your noble lordship, if I may so trouble you, and having nobody else in the world who could inform me so truly."

"Any advice I can give is at your service, Hayward. What do you wish to know?"

"It is this, my lord. What can I do to bring down a young woman's ambition that's got to such a towering height there's no reaching it or compassing it; how get her to be pleased with me and my station as she used to be when I first knew her?"

"Truly that's a hard question, my man. What does she aspire to?"

"She's got a craze for fine furniture."

"How long has she had it?"

"Only just now."

The Baron seemed still more to experience regret. "What furniture does she specially covet?" he asked.

"Silver candlesticks, work-tables, looking-glasses, gold tea things, silver tea-pots, gold clocks, curtains, pictures, and I don't know what all—things I shall never get if I live to be a hundred—not so much that I couldn't raise the money to buy 'em, as that I ought to put it to other uses, or save it for a rainy day."

"You think the possession of those articles would make her happy?"

"I really think they might, my lord."

"Good. Open your pocket-book and write as I tell you."

Jim in some astonishment did as commanded, and elevating his pocket-book against the garden wall, thoroughly moistened his pencil, and wrote at the Baron's dictation:

"Pair of silver candlesticks; inlaid work-table and work-box; one large mirror; two small ditto; one gilt china tea and coffee service; one silver tea-pot, coffee-pot, sugar basin, jug, and dozen spoons; French clock; pair of curtains; six large pictures."

"Now," said the Baron, "tear out that leaf and give it to me. Keep a close tongue about this; go home, and don't be surprised at anything that may come to your door."

"But, my noble lord, you don't mean that your lordship is going to give—"

"Never mind what I am going to do. Only keep your own counsel. I perceive that, though a plain countryman, you are by no means deficient in tact and understanding. If sending these things to you gives me pleasure, why should you object? The fact is, Hayward, I occasionally take an interest in people, and like to do a little for them. I take an interest in you. Now go home, and a week hence invite Marg—the young woman and her father, to tea with you. The rest is in your own hands."

A question often put to Jim in after-times was why it had not occurred to him at once that the Baron's liberal conduct must have been dictated by something more personal than sudden spontaneous generosity to him, a stranger. To which Jim always answered that, admitting the existence of such generosity, there had appeared nothing remarkable in the Baron selecting himself as its object. The Baron had told him that he took an interest in him; and self-esteem, even with the most modest, is usually sufficient to override any little difficulty that might occur to an outsider in accounting for a preference. He moreover considered that foreign noblemen, rich and eccentric, might have habits of acting which were quite at variance with those of their English compeers.

So he drove off homeward with a lighter heart than he had known for several days. To have a foreign gentleman take a fancy to him—what a triumph to a plain sort of fellow, who had scarcely expected the Baron to look in his face! It would be a fine story to tell Margery when the Baron gave him liberty to speak out.

Jim lodged at the house of his cousin and partner, Richard Vine, a widower of fifty odd years. Having failed in the development of a household of direct descendants, this tradesman had been glad to let his chambers to his much younger relative, when the latter entered on the business of lime-manufacture; and their intimacy had led to a partnership. Jim lived upstairs; his partner lived down; and the furniture of all the rooms was so plain and old-fashioned as to excite the special dislike of Miss Margery Tucker, and even to prejudice her against Jim for tolerating it. Not only were the chairs and tables queer, but, with due regard to the principle that a man's surroundings should bear the impress of that man's life and occupation, the chief ornaments of the dwelling were a curious collection of calcinations, that had been discovered from time to time in the limekiln—misshapen ingots of strange substance, some of them like Pompeiian remains.

The head of the firm was a quiet-living, narrow-minded, though friendly, man of fifty; and he took a serious interest in Jim's love suit, frequently inquiring how it progressed, and assuring Jim that if he chose to marry he might have all the upper floor at a low rent, he, Mr. Vine, contenting himself entirely with the ground level. It had been so convenient for discussing business matters to have Jim in the same house that he did not wish any change to be made in consequence of a change in Jim's state. Margery knew of this wish, and of Jim's concurrent feeling, and did not like the idea at all.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

COTTON.

FROM THE PLOUGH TO THE LOOM.

By W. M. BURWELL.

II.

The Cotton Harvest.—While the harvest-home of most other crops is conducted with more or less hilarity, with joyous troops of boys and girls riding on the wagon with the last sheaves of wheat, or where "laden with grapes, red wagons chock the way," the cotton harvest is an occasion of patient care that continues for from two to three months. Imagine the cotton field no longer verdant and blooming, but brown by the frost and white as snow with the open and dependent fleece. It is, in fact, a silent and rather sombre scene. The mild winter sun shines drearily through the forest; the woodpecker knocks at the door of some forlorn insect concealing himself from this importunate creditor; flocks of the blue jay and paroquet scream as they fly over the field in flocks. The cotton field lies like snow before our eyes, and the smoke rises from the fires built to "nigger" a fallen tree to warm the fingers or light the pipes of the reapers; there has been a light frost, which in the mornings still lies on the shady side of the fence rails. At this season the rains have often so soaked the soil that the harvesters have to stand in the cold mud, with the sun, and sometimes the rain, upon their heads. Then the burrs, which mature about the same time with the cotton, cling to the clothes, and the whole party are in a draggled condition. With these discomforts the pickers advance slowly, silently, carefully, but rapidly picking the cotton from the bolls, and putting it into the bags suspended around their necks, to be emptied into the large conical baskets at the end of the row, where it is collected and carted to the gin-house every evening. The harvesters comprise men, women, and children. In the hill country cotton is cultivated by the white planters, who with their families and an occasional hireling, white, black, or Indian, conduct every operation, and with the service of every member of the family send the cotton to be ginned on toll by some richer neighbor. On the low and fertile lands of the Red, the Yazoo, the Arkansas, or Mississippi, where the plantations are very extensive, the labor employed is almost exclusively colored. Here the hands are strung out along the rows at such intervals as the comparative speed of the pickers may make. Women and girls usually lead, as their more pliant fingers will gather as high as three hundred pounds of cotton a day, while the older and less active follow far in the rear. In this silent and sedulous toil, however, it must not be supposed that the colored laborers present the appearance of the typical negro depicted in the geographical pictures prepared for the schools. It is by no means the gang of bare-headed, bare-footed, and almost bare-backed barbarians who appealed in their pictorial nakedness to the sympathetic readers whom they were toiling to clothe. The men, women, and children are clad and shod comfortably. Nor is the same barbarian developed in the strained torso of a Hercules raising a basket of cotton to his head, as in the same philanthropic cartoons. The progress of the pickers is marked by a line. The field where they have passed is a dark brown; in front it is white as a snow-bank. The cotton picked during the day is carried at night to be weighed at the gin-house, as some of the hands pick "by the hundred," and the work of each is ascertained. There is much emulation among the quicker pickers, who have their partisans, like other leaders. The fastest pickers are usually girls in their teens.

The Gin-House.—While WHITNEY devised the principle of the circular saw gin, he could have had little idea of the perfection to which the machine has been brought at present, with the "revolving head" and other improvements. The gin and corn mill are put in motion by a two-horse-power, on the ground, above which is the gin, corn mill, and cotton-room. Many planters now employ steam-power. The cotton is dried on a platform or otherwise to put it in proper condition. It is fed through a hopper furnished with steel ribs, between each pair of which revolve saws, which rapidly strip the lint from the seed, which then drops from the gin. A cylindrical brush revolves in a direction opposite to that of the saws, and takes the lint from the saws, and a current of air from the blower carries the clean cotton into the cotton-room, from which it is carried to the cotton press.

The original preparation of cotton for the market was very simple, probably adopted from the "wool-sacks" of England. There was an opening in the floor of the gin-room, beneath which a long bag of coarse and strong hempen cloth was suspended. Into this the cotton was stamped and packed. The wooden cotton press was made by planting strong posts with transverse beams. A firm platform was framed in the ground, upon which was placed the frame, within which the cotton was to be baled, with the bagging and rope of the period.

The Cotton Bale.—From the variable weight of cotton, according to the section or season in which it is grown, there can be no fixed weight for the package in which it is carried to market. The average plantation bale weighs from 450 to 460 pounds. It is packed within a compass of about four feet wide and deep and five feet long, but may be compressed for exportation into double the weight in about the same cubic space.

When made "upon shares," the plantation bale is often owned by two or more hands, and the rude inscription, "Ned and Joe," or "Maria and Sam," sometimes accompanies the package to Lowell or Liverpool.

Frauds in packing have been occasionally committed, but while—as will be shown—the city pickings and stealings are unaccounted for, the vigilance of the factors and the integrity of the Exchange are such that the sand or pebbles surreptitiously packed into the bale may be traced back from Birmingham to the very plantation upon which the fraud has been committed.

As fast as the cotton can be ginned and baled the bales are conveyed by the mule or ox teams of the plantation to the river "landing" or railroad station. It may be mentioned at this point that this delivery of the cotton usually terminates the connection of the freedman with the crop, and he undergoes for a time a change of pursuits almost analogous to that of the zylina and larva, with which he has been lately contending. As he is free to choose his place of work for the next season, having no place of his own, and is without work or wages in the interval between saving one crop and "pitching" another, he disposes of his cotton to the Mr. Guggenheim of the nearest landing, who settles his store account, and pays for any balance at the most liberal market rates; the plantation laborer next reports to the mate of the most popular steamboat as a deck hand.

The mate, like the mule, has survived the labor revolution of the South. He is still a rapid and resolute ruler of the gangway and hold, swaying, however, a thick stick instead of a cow-skin. The darky, like the mule, takes no account of the oaths and abuse of the mate, but goes singing or grumbling about his work at all hours and places, rolling cotton at slippery landings in rainy midnights, or landing mules or mill machinery by glaring lights of camphene in open cane and cotton fields. In all this he submits to the vociferous indignities of the mate as if abuse was a condiment of industry to which he had been too long accustomed to abandon.

The roustabout having joined the gang on the "forrard deck," and after a test of the comparative thickness of his skull in combat, or of strength in straining at some heavy package, is adopted by his associates in their larks and labors. Unless the roustabout shall join the cotton-yard or levee laborers on his arrival at New Orleans, he "runs the river" during the winter months, and if not shot, stabbed, lost overboard, sent to the penitentiary for some act of drunken violence, or a victim of small-pox or pneumonia, returns to the plantation in the spring, to go through the same nomadic and reckless waste of life and labor, until too old or infirm to pursue it. The roustabout on the boat wears coarse strong cloth pantaloons "re-enforced" with striped ticking. He also exults in very abundant boots. At his girdle he wears a knife and a scarcely less dangerous weapon, the cotton hook. They may be used in a combat somewhat as a knife and fork, drawing the foe up with the one and carving him with the other. When on shore, however, at the barrel houses, bagnios, or gambling saloons which await the paying off of the roustabout, he appears resplendent in a wide-brimmed planter's hat of felt or imitation Panama. In the breast pocket of a red cloth shirt elaborately embroidered he wears an oroide watch and chain. He wears black cloth pantaloons, with sky-blue suspenders and nickel-plated slides, terminating this wardrobe with a pair of fine gaiter boots about three sizes too small for his feet. Really the roustabout is too magnificent a combination of bone and muscle, too docile and too useful, to be wasted in a manner so profligate. Could he not be economized somewhat?

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

WHALERS coming down from the Northern regions express the opinion that Professor Nordenskjöld will meet with favorable conditions in his endeavor to penetrate into the heart of Northern Greenland. The chief object of his expedition is to test the theory that the icy barrier is only a belt surrounding a region in the interior which is free from ice and other obstacles to progress northward. In 1870, when he made a previous visit to that country, he is said to have come to the conclusion that if he could pass the belt of ice he would find in summer-time a region in the interior which would give to Greenland some excuse for its apparently absurd name. This theory is a pleasant one to contemplate. Indeed, the greater part of whatever has been done in the way of arctic exploration has been the result of alluring theories about warm open seas and hospitable shores beyond the barriers of ice.

The embassy from the Queen of Madagascar, which recently visited the United States, is said to have abandoned the attempt to effect a settlement of the dispute with France, and to have set out from Paris for their island home.

An outcry which may prove to be the beginning of a popular war on "occasional" correspondents comes up from a Georgia town. The editor of the Waynesborough *Citizen* announces that he is authorized to offer a liberal reward for the "miscreant who writes the scurrilous articles to the New York papers about the people of Waynesborough." The long-suffering people of New York would be willing probably to make generous contributions to the fund, if the movement could be extended so that it would give promise of resulting in the capture of the swarm of "miscreants" who write so blithely about New York people to papers printed at a distance from the metropolis.

A convict who has been confined for over three years in the Moyamensing (Pennsylvania) prison, most of the time under sentence to be hanged for wife murder, has read more than seven hundred books, written many verses in English, German, and Latin, composed thirty pieces of music, and compiled a medical work. The Supreme Court recently granted him a new trial.

Speaking of the displacement of real tennis by lawn tennis, a writer in the London *Standard* says: "We should not be surprised if the more religious devotees of tennis in this country—'fit though few'—were to regard the recent defeat of the English by the American player as a visitation and just punishment upon us as a nation for the creation and adoption of lawn tennis."

The telegraph seems to be the most potent agent in the South for the suppression of duelling. When one editor has sent a challenge to another editor he straightway hies himself to some interesting duelling region, while the challenged major or colonel, as the case may be, sets out for the same place by a roundabout route. Their movements are telegraphed to the newspapers with sufficient accuracy to deprive the authorities of every excuse for failing to arrest one, at least, of them before they can come together. Thus, without either fighting or running away, each lives to "talk fight" another day.

The witticisms of the opposing counsel in the Star Route trials having been cut off by the verdict of acquittal, the lawyers engaged in the Hill investigation are throwing in a little now and then in the way of comedy. A witness was asked the other day whether he had ever been a member of Congress, and was told in the same breath, "Remember, you are not obliged to answer if it will criminate yourself." The witness, says the report, "admitted" that he had been a member of Congress.

An amusing error into which one of the London dailies fell in its report of the Czar's coronation is pointed out by *Truth*. The report said that after the sacrament the Archbishop tendered his Majesty "the customary antidote." It is explained that what was tendered to the Czar was the customary *antidoron*, or holy loaf.

Philadelphians have long believed that a rude log cabin on the Schuylkill was once the residence of Tom Moore, the Irish poet. Mr. Edward Waln has written a letter to the Commissioners of Fairmount Park in which he seems to prove that Moore never lived there.

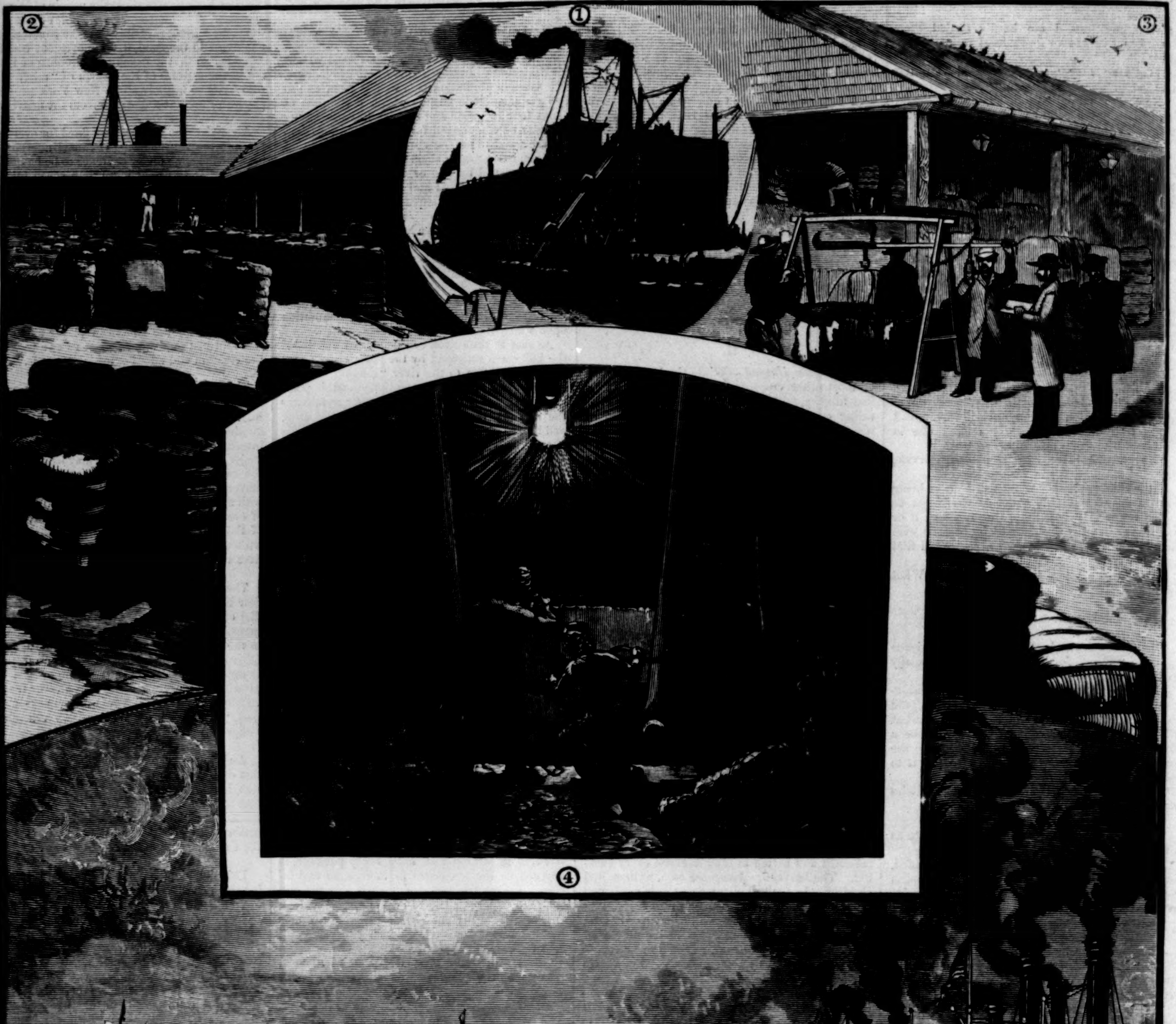
Our fellow-citizens in the extreme Southwest seem to be finding the steam railways much greater conveniences than they had anticipated. Hardly a week passes in which news does not come of a railroad bridge being used as a gallows by self-appointed executioners.

From the fact that parrots take hold of their food with the claw of their right leg, it is inferred that they are not ambidextrous. Scientific observation, however, is not likely to dispel the popular belief that they are sometimes ambiguous. It is claimed that "right-handedness" extends also to wasps, beetles, spiders, and many other insects, and is manifested in their using the right anterior foot more frequently than any other. Some heroic naturalist should begin observations on the mule.

A Mr. Willing has made claim to land in the far West valued at about ten million dollars. There is a sort of appropriateness in his name.

In Western New York a parrot has been talking through a telephone. *Vox et præterea nihil.*

The indications are quite as strong this season as they were last summer that different methods must prevail at the sea-side resorts near New York before anything like the numbers of visitors who flocked to those places a few years ago will be seen there again. In order to succeed on the grand scale on which they were projected, these resorts must have the patronage of a large number of New York and Brooklyn people, who will not make frequent visits there until they feel assured that they will get the worth of the money they must spend. As in the early days of Coney Island and Rockaway, a large proportion of the persons who come to New York from a distance in the summer go down to the sea before returning. They think that "once in a lifetime" they can submit to whatever extortion they are likely to fall in with. But their numbers are not large enough to support the resorts. Nothing less than the liberal patronage of those in the cities near by who can afford to spend a day or two in the week at the sea will be sufficient, and that patronage can not be secured until accommodations there are furnished as reasonably as transportation to and fro is furnished. If satisfactory returns upon investments can not be secured on that basis, then somebody must suffer loss till the requisite scaling down has been accomplished. This is inevitable, for visitors can not be drawn to those places except on terms which are acceptable to them. The time will probably come when the sands of Coney Island will swarm with visitors as in the prosperous days of a few seasons ago, but not until recreation can be obtained there for just about what it is worth.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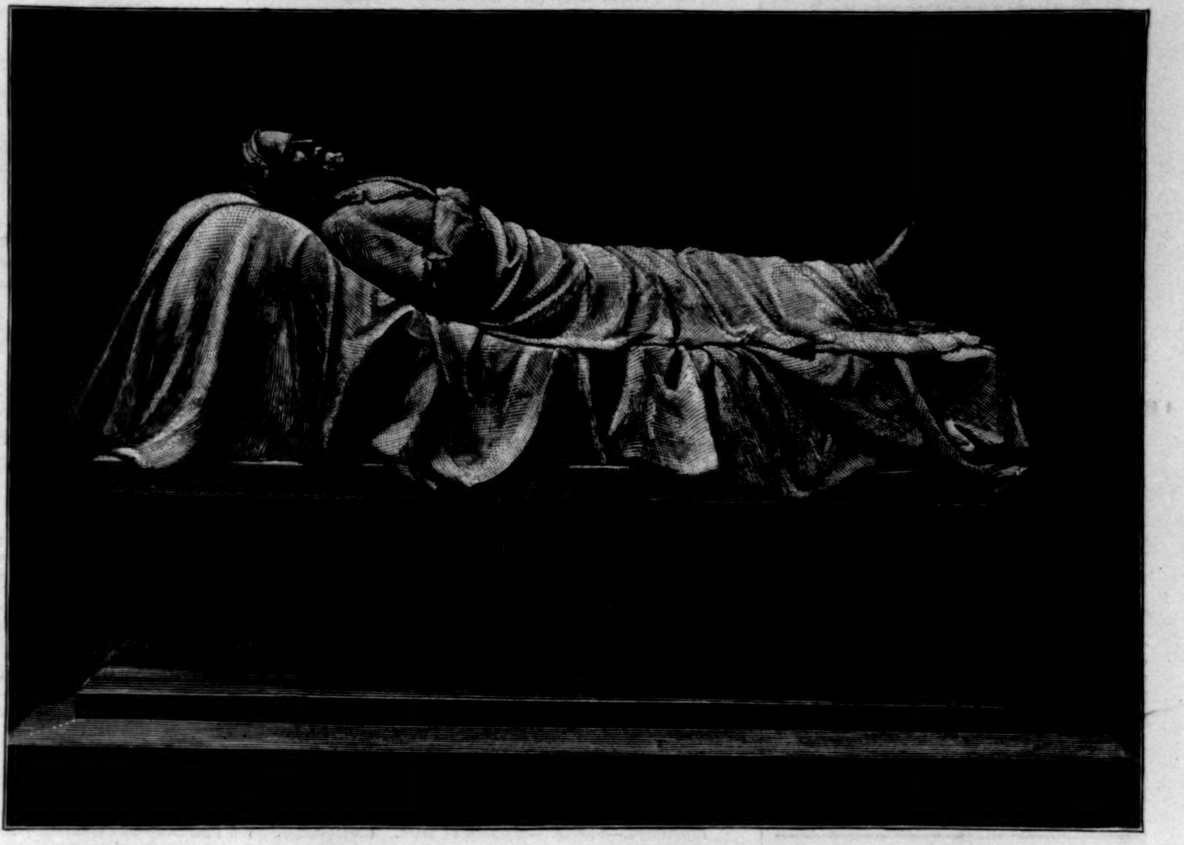
1. Cotton Steamer unloading. 2. Cotton Yard and Sheds. 3. Weighing and Sampling. 4. Steam Press. 5. Cotton Train. 6. Sampling Room. 7. Baling in a Pickery.
Centre. On the Cotton Levee, New Orleans.

COTTON CULTURE IN THE SOUTH, NO. 2.—Drawn by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 427.]

THE STATUE OF GENERAL LEE.

Mr. Valentine's recumbent statue of General **Robert E. Lee** was unveiled with appropriate ceremonies on the 28th of June in the University Chapel at Lexington, Virginia. The body of General **Lee** rests in a mausoleum attached to the chapel. The floor of the mortuary chamber is tessellated in white veined marble and encaustic tiles, and the effect of the design is very impressive. The recumbent figure is softly lighted through a ceiling of semi-transparent glass; and the whole setting is well adapted to display to the best advantage the merits of the sculptor's admirable work.



STATUE OF GENERAL LEE, IN THE UNIVERSITY CHAPEL, LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.—From a Photograph by M. Miley.

THE APACHE SURRENDER.

On our front page we give a picture, from a sketch taken on the spot by Mr. A. F. **Harmer**, of **Nané**, the Apache chief, entering General **Crook**'s camp, in the heart of the hostile stronghold, to ask for peace. The campaign of our redoubtable Indian fighter was marked by consummate strategy, and the victory, attained with the loss of one life only on the side of our troops, was complete and crushing. Should General **Crook**'s wise suggestions be carried out, and the captured Apaches be distributed in small groups among different reservations, we shall probably hear of no more outrages by this pestilent tribe.

DO SNAKES DRINK?

In Miss Hopley's entertaining work on *Snakes* is an interesting chapter devoted to this question. M. Dumeril says: Snakes rarely drink (that is, not every day, as most animals do), most of them living in dry regions or forests, where for long periods they are deprived of water. The live prey upon which they subsist supplies them with sufficient liquid. Nevertheless, a large number of serpents live close to water, and love to plunge in and to swim. These truly drink, lapping with the tongue; at other times with the head under water, and the neck still lower, so that the water falls into the mouth by its own weight, and is then swallowed. But this, he repeats, does not go into the blood, or very little of it, its function being principally to moisten the intestines.

Lenz, a German ophiologist of still earlier date than Schlegel, went very conscientiously into the subject of whether snakes drink or not, having adopted various means in order to test them. His personal experience was, however, of a more limited range. He says: "The numerous snakes and other animals which inhabit arid mountains or plains destitute of water can only quench their thirst with rain or dew. Snakes require but little water as long as they live in the open air. It is an established rule that no water is found in the maw, stomach, or entrails of snakes killed in the open air, even when destroyed by or in a piece of water. Snakes are never seen to go to drink in any part of the world."

This last clause is a too positive assertion, and one not subsequently borne out by other equally conscientious and intelligent writers. Livingstone, who was a close observer of nature, informs us that he has known some of the African snakes come a long way to pools and rivers to drink.

A FRATERNAL TESTIMONIAL.

The National Encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic held its annual meeting in Baltimore June 21, 22, and 23, 1882. This organization is established in nearly every State and Territory of the Union, is composed exclusively of honorably discharged soldiers, sailors, and marines who served in the late war of the rebellion, and now numbers nearly two hundred thousand members. Its annual national meetings call together a larger number of persons than any other event of the year. That at Baltimore last year was especially significant in the generous welcome given to the veterans of the war, by contrast with the sentiments of the citizens twenty years before, when these same veterans marched to the battle-fields of the Union, and the Grand Army Encampment unanimously voted that a suitable testimonial should be presented to the city in recognition of the "cordial and enthusiastic welcome, unbounded hospitality, and elaborate entertainment" given by "the Mayor and Common Council and the people of Baltimore" to the Union veterans of the war. General **Henry A. Barnum**, of New York, General **John F. Hartranft**, of Pennsylvania, and General **William Ward**, of New Jersey, were appointed a committee to prepare and present such testimonial.

The accompanying cut represents the souvenir which the committee will present with appropriate ceremonies on the 10th inst. It is a bronze composed of metal from Union and Confederate cannon used in the war of the rebellion, and is thirty inches in height by eighteen inches in width, and is to stand upon an ebony pedestal three feet in height. It was designed and executed by Mr. **William Hunt**, sculptor, of this city. The legend of the G.A.R., "Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty," is inscribed on the ribbon held in the beak of the dove which surmounts the piece; the names of all the States are upon the links of the endless chain which constitutes the border; the national flag, at right and left, is grouped with military and naval emblems; the base is festooned with laurel, and upon the scroll is engraved the following address:

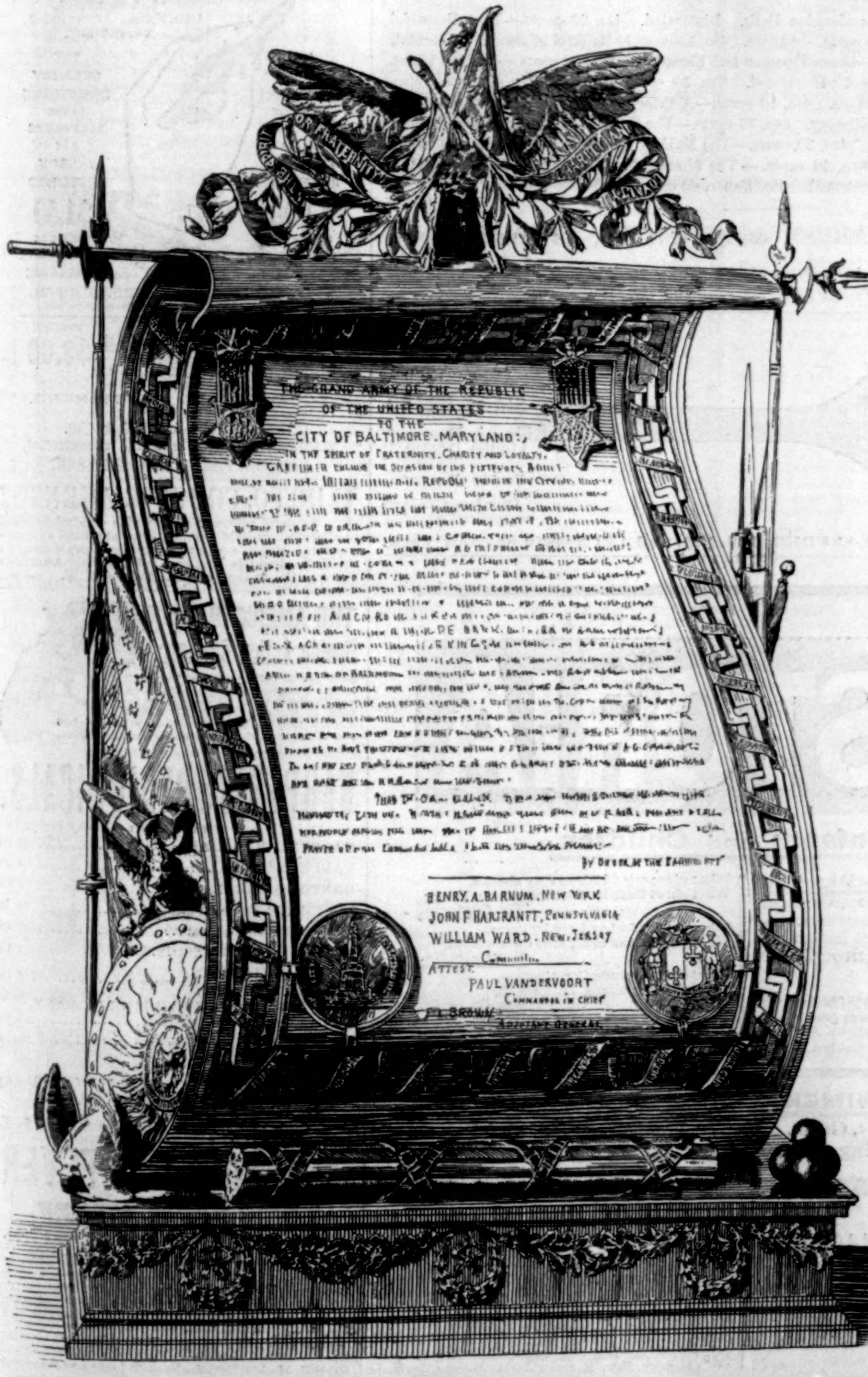
THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC OF THE UNITED STATES
TO THE CITY OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND:

In the spirit of "Fraternity, Charity, and Loyalty," greeting: Whereas on the occasion of the sixteenth annual encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic, held in the city of Baltimore June 21, 22, 23, 1882, when the parading column and escort of the Grand Army of the Republic and visiting military organizations from other States, commanded by Chief Marshal, General R. B. **Ayres**, United States Army, and numbering fully 12,000 men, was reviewed from the portico of the City Hall by **Chester A. Arthur**, President of the United States, accompanied by members of his cabinet; General **Joseph W. Keifer**, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and other distinguished members of Congress; **William T. Sherman**, General of the United States Army, and his Staff; Honorable **William T. Hamilton**, Governor of Maryland, and his Military Staff; Honorable **William Pinkney Whyte**, Mayor of Baltimore, his secretary, Major J. **Monroe Heiskell**, and other representatives of the city government; ex-Mayors **Latrobe**, **Banks**, and **Vansant**; General **Felix Agnus**, General **Adam E. King**, and many other distinguished citizens of Baltimore, and of other cities and States, his Honor the Mayor, the Common Council, and the people of Baltimore did extend to the Grand Army of the Republic and accompanying organizations and friends a most cordial and enthusiastic welcome, unbounded hospitality, and elaborate entertainment, in which many ex-Confederate soldiers joined. The Grand Army of the Republic hereby expresses its profound appreciation of the kind and brotherly feeling thus attested, and its gratification at the abundant evidence then shown that this nation is not only a union of States, but also a union of hearts throughout its broad domains; that ours is, in truth, "a government of the people, by the people, and for the people"; and that all are devoted to one common purpose of "union and liberty, one and inseparable, now and forever."

That the Dove of Peace may ever fold its white wings over the beautiful "Monumental City"; that she may grow apace in prosperity and power; that the homes of all her people may be the abode of unstinted comfort and unalloyed happiness—is the fervent prayer of every Comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic.

By order of the Encampment.

Henry A. Barnum, New York,
John F. Hartranft, Pennsylvania, } Committee.
William Ward, New Jersey,


THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC
OF THE UNITED STATES
TO THE
CITY OF BALTIMORE, MARYLAND:
IN THE SPIRIT OF FRATERNITY, CHARITY AND LOYALTY,
BY ORDER OF THE ENCAMPMENT
HENRY. A. BARNUM. NEW YORK
JOHN F HARTRANFT, PENNSYLVANIA
WILLIAM WARD. NEW JERSEY
Committee
ATTEST.
PAUL VANDERVOORT
Commander in Chief
VIRGINIA

TABLET TO BE PRESENTED TO THE CITY OF BALTIMORE BY THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
From a Photograph by Pach.

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VALUABLE IN INDIGESTION.

Dr. Daniel T. Nelson, Chicago, says: "I find it a pleasant and valuable remedy in indigestion, particularly in overworked men."—[*Adv.*]

STARIN'S GLEN ISLAND.

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"The odor of new-mown hay, the perfume of countless roses, the soft breeze, the trim lawns, and the well-kept paths appeal to the visitors.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Steamers leave Pier 18, North River, and Foot of 33d St., East River, and Jewell's Wharf, Brooklyn.—[*Adv.*]

SUMMER TOURS.

The Eastern Railroad pamphlet, giving Time-tables, Maps, Hotel-lists, and tours covering the White Mountains, the State of Maine, the Maritime Provinces, and all the Shore, Mountain, and Lake resorts east of Boston will be mailed free to any address on application to Lucius Tuttle, Gen. Pass. Agt., Boston, Mass.—[*Adv.*]

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From a recent letter of William Black in regard to the pronunciation of "Yolande:"

"They say the author's spelling was planned
To make the people pronounce Yolande;
And who could think 'twould be found handy
To use the cumbrous form Yolandë?
Though those who wished a rhyme for Holland
Were doubtless welcome quite to Yolande;
But now upon us it has dawned
'Twere better far to say Yolande."

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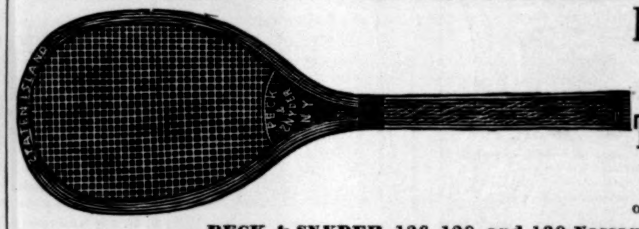

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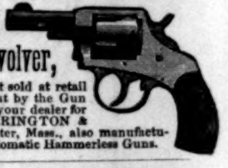

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The Case itself is a magnificent one,
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CLAMS ARE NOT A PROPER MODEL FOR A HUMAN BEING TO COPY AFTER

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TO GROCERS' WIVES
We offer a Special Premium
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for simply giving
The Frank Siddalls Soap
a thorough trial.

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ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

To the Housekeeper and her Help, to the Boarding-House Mistress and her Lady Boarders, to the Farmer's Wife and her Daughters, for the Toilet and Bath of Every Lady of Refinement, The Frank Siddalls Soap offers great advantages in Economy of Use, in its effect on the skin, and in its freedom from injury to the fabric.

Among the Housekeepers of New England (where thrifty Housekeeping is proverbial) it has **gained immense favor, and there is no better evidence of the merits of an article than to be able to say that it meets approval in the Homes of New England.**

—FOR LAUNDRY AND KITCHEN USE—

JUST THINK! No Scalding or Boiling! No Smell on Wash-day!
Clothes Clean and Beautifully White, and as Sweet as if never worn!
No Rough, Red Hands! Clothes remain White even if put away for years!
The Soap Positively Guaranteed not to injure even the Finest Laces!

Where water or fuel is scarce *remember that with The Frank Siddalls Soap* ***much less fuel is necessary, and a few buckets of water is enough for a large wash.***

JUST THINK! Flannels and Blankets as soft as when New!
The most delicate Colored Lawns and Prints actually Brightened!
A girl of 12 or 13 can easily do a large wash without even being tired!
And best of all, the wash done in less than half the usual time!

Use The Frank Siddalls Soap for Washing Dishes:—it is the only Soap that leaves the dish-rag **Sweet and White,** and the only Soap that can be depended upon to remove the **smell of Fish, Onions, etc., from forks and dishes. When you have a dirty dish-rag** dont blame your servants; ***it is not their fault;*** for you have given them soap made of Rancid Grease, and the result is a foul dish-rag; **use The Frank Siddalls Soap, made of Pure Beef Suet, and you will have a Clean, Sweet-smelling Cloth.**

So here is the Housekeeper's Choice:
Common soap and a foul dishrag—or—The Frank Siddalls Soap and a dish-rag to be proud of.

—FOR HOUSE CLEANING—

This is where The Frank Siddalls Soap appeals to the real ladylike Housekeeper. Use it for Scrubbing and Cleaning. Use it for Washing Paints, Windows and Mirrors, Wine-glasses, Goblets, and all Glass Vessels; ***ordinary soap, as is well known, is not fit for washing glass;*** while The Frank Siddalls Soap is a most elegant thing for this purpose. **Use it for Washing Marble Door Steps, Bureau Tops, Marble Statuary, Mantlepieces, etc:—*It is the nicest thing for marble that can be imagined.***

For Washing Bed Clothes and Bedding, even of Patients with Contagious and Infectious Diseases, and for washing utensils used in the Sick-room, it can be relied on to cleanse and purify without scalding or boiling a single article.

—FOR WASHING BABIES AND BABY CLOTHES—

Babies will not suffer with prickly heat or be troubled with sores of any kind when nothing but The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, its ingredients being so pure and mild.

Dont use Soda to wash nursing bottles or gum tubes—*dont even scald them*—but wash them only with this Soap, and they will never get sour, but will always be sweet and clean.

—FOR THE SCHOOL BOY AND GIRL—

It is the best thing for washing blackboards and school slates, leaving them entirely free from grease, and without causing a scratch; the Soap does not have to be rinsed off.

—FOR THE TOILET IT IS SIMPLY PERFECTION—

All Perfumes are injurious to the Skin; ***The Frank Siddalls Soap is not perfumed,*** **but has an agreeable odor from its ingredients, that is always pleasant, even to an invalid;** it never leaves any odor on the Skin; the face never has any of the unpleasant gloss that other soaps produce: **it should always be used for washing the hands and face of those troubled with Chapped Skin:—*a child will not dread having its face washed when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used,*** as it does not cause the eyes to smart with the dreaded intense sting that even Imported Castile Soap often causes; it always leaves the skin Soft and Smooth.

No tooth-powder or tooth-wash will compare with it.
A little on the tooth-brush makes the mouth, teeth and gums perfectly clean.
It leaves a pleasant aromatic taste, a sweet breath, and a clean tooth-brush.

It is especially adapted for toilet use with the hard water of the West and in Lake-water.

PERSONS WHO DESPISE A MUSTY SPONGE or WASH-RAG will appreciate The Frank Siddalls Soap. Whenever either a Sponge or Wash-rag has a disagreeable smell, it is due entirely to the so-called fine toilet soap that is such a favorite with you; it is the place of soap to keep a sponge or wash-rag sweet and clean, and The Frank Siddalls Soap will do it without any occasion to expose it to the air or sun.

When used for washing the head it is better than Shampooing; plenty of the rich, white lather should be left in the hair (*not washed out;*) **it entirely does away with the use of Hair Tonic, Bay Rum, Bandoline, Pomade, or any hair dressing.** Used this way it removes dandruff, the hair will not collect dust, and there will not be any itching of the scalp:—**Coat Collars, Hat Linings and Neck-wear will keep clean much longer.**

—Try it for washing your Eye-Glasses and Spectacles.—

The Frank Siddalls Soap is superior to Benzine or Ammonia for Cleaning Coat Collars, and for removing Grease Spots, etc., and is guaranteed not to injure the garment.

FOR MEN TO READ

ONLY THINK! ONE SOAP FOR ALL USES!

The Merchant and his Clerk, the Photographer, the Optician, the Artist, the Printer, the Actor, the Bather at the Turkish Bath, the Barber, the Hotel Keeper, the Stable, the Railroad, the Army and the Navy, will all reap great benefit from the remarkable properties of The Frank Siddalls Soap.

—FOR SHAVING—

Its heavy, lasting lather is so different from that of any Shaving Soap that its superiority is almost incredible; the face never burns or smarts, no matter how dull the razor, how tender the skin, or how closely shaved, ***and the Sponge and Soap Cup will always be sweet-smelling.***

IMPORTANT FOR SHIPBOARD AND ARMY USE:—It washes freely in hard water, and where water is scarce, remember that The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing only takes a few buckets of water for a large wash.

—FOR HORSES, HARNESS, CARRIAGES, etc.—

It is vastly superior to Castile Soap for washing a horse's mane and tail, while for washing Sores, Galls, Scratches, etc., *it is indispensable.* No stable is complete without it. For Harness, it is better than Harness Soap, thoroughly cleansing the leather and rendering it soft and pliable, while for washing cars and car windows, cleaning the running-gear and bodies of fine carriages, it is without a rival; **by its use paint and varnish will last much longer, and the Windows and Lamps will be as clear as crystal.**

The Frank Siddalls Soap is elegant for washing Printing Ink from the hands, and from Printers' Rollers, Type, and Electrotypes, being much better than Benzine, and safer, as shocking accidents by fire often occur from Benzine, and parents whose children use Amateur Printing Presses should remember this.

Type and Rollers washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap are in splendid condition for immediate use, and will take the ink readily.

SPECIAL FOR PHYSICIANS

To the Physician, the Druggist, the Nurse, and the Patient, its importance is becoming more and more widely known and appreciated, and it is rapidly superseding Imported Castile and similar soaps for use in the **Sick Room, the Nursery and Hospital.**

—IN CASE OF INGROWING TOE-NAILS—

In place of cotton-wool, a little of The Frank Siddalls Soap should be kept pressed between the nail and tender flesh—one trial will prove its superiority over cotton-wool.

—AS AN ANTISEPTIC AND DISINFECTANT—

For Washing Old Running Sores, Bed Sores, Cuts, Wounds and Burns; for washing **Chafed Places on Infants and Adults;** for use by persons suffering with **Salt-Rheum, Tetter, Ringworm, Itching Piles, Eruptions on the Face,** and for children afflicted with **Scaly Incrustations,** it is without any of the injurious effects often experienced when other soap is used, while for washing the invalid **it is a most valuable aid to the Physician,** by the thoroughness with which it removes the exhalations from the skin that would otherwise counteract the action of his medicines by closing up the pores, **and which cannot be accomplished by any other soap.**

Letters from well-known Physicians, describing their experience in their practice with The Frank Siddalls Soap, leave no doubt of the truth of these assertions.

Use it for Washing Sores on the Feet, caused by walking or wearing tight shoes.
Always leave plenty of the lather on—dont rinse the lather off.

For washing Graduate Measures and Mortars it is better than anything else.

—ODD USES—QUAINT USES—SPECIAL USES—

Eminent Physicians claim that skin diseases, such as **Tetter, Ringworm, Pimples, etc., are caused** by Soap made from rancid grease; use **The Frank Siddalls Soap and avoid all such troubles.**

Artificial Teeth and Artificial Eyes will retain their original brilliancy **unimpaired when kept washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap.**

It Washes Telescope Lenses and Photographers' Plates without a possibility of scratching them, while it is being used with the most gratifying results in **Schools of Design** for washing the expensive brushes used by the students.

For Washing Pearls, Coral, Diamonds, and other precious stones, Jewelry, Gold and Silver Plate, and for cleaning Watch Crystals, it is considered by Jewelers superior to any powder or other preparation.

Wash your Dog with The Frank Siddalls Soap; leave plenty of the lather in its hair, and you will be surprised at the improvement; a dog washed with this Soap will be too clean to harbor fleas

Use it for taking grease spots out of fine carpets and for cleaning rag carpets; also for cleaning garments of every description. It is better than Benzine or Hartshorn for cleaning clothing, and is guaranteed not to injure the fabric.

Use it for wiping off oil cloths, linoleum, &c.*—IT KEEPS THE COLORS BRIGHT,** ***and as it does away with scrubbing them, they will of course last much longer,

The hands of those at farm work, when The Frank Siddalls Soap is used, *will not chap* from husking corn driving teams, and other out-door employment, *but of course* home-made soap, toilet soap or any other kind **MUST NOT BE USED** (***not even Castile Soap***).

It is invaluable to farmers for washing wool before carding it, or before selling it.

Milk Pans, Churns and Milk Utensils when washed with The Frank Siddalls Soap will be as clean and sweet as new, and do NOT require scalding or putting in the sun. It also THOROUGHLY removes the smell from the hands after milking.

HOW A LADY CAN GET THE SOAP TO TRY

at Places where it is Not Sold at the Stores.
Send the retail price **10 cents** in money or Postage Stamps.
Say she saw the advertisement in "HARPER'S WEEKLY."
Only send for One Cake, and make these 2 promises:

Promise No. 1—**That the Soap shall be used the first wash-day after receiving it and that every bit of the family wash shall be done with it.**

Promise No. 2—**That the person sending will personally see that the printed directions for using the Soap shall be exactly followed.**

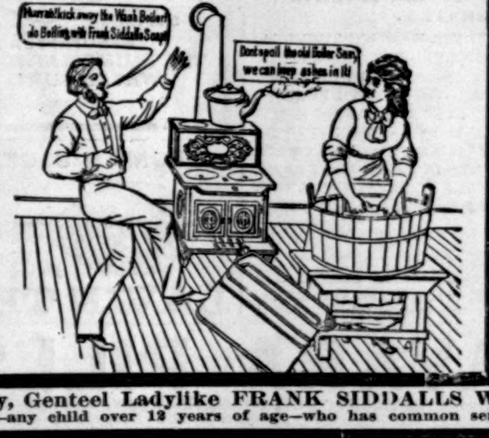
By return mail, a regular 10-cent cake of Soap will be sent, *postage prepaid;* it will be packed in a neat iron box to make it carry safely, and 15 cents in Postage Stamps will be put on. **All this is done for 10 cents** *because it is believed to be a cheaper way to introduce it than to send salesmen to sell it to the stores.*

If your letter gets no attention,
it will be because
you have not made the promises,
or because you have sent for
more than one cake.

Make the promises very plain, or the Soap will NOT be sent.

A Cake will be sent Free of Charge to the Wife of a Grocer and the Wife of a Minister if the above TWO promises are made.

No intelligent woman will refuse to try such a clean, sensible invention.


Hurrah! kick away the Wash Boiler! No Boiling with Frank Siddalls Soap
Dont spoil the old Boiler Sam, we can keep ashes in it!

How to Tell a Person of Refinement.

A Person of Refinement will be glad to adopt a new, easy, clean way of washing clothes, in place of the old, hard, sloppy way

How to Tell a Person of Intelligence.

A Person of Intelligence will have no difficulty in understanding and following the very easy and sensible directions.

How to Tell a Person of Honor.

A Person of Honor will scorn to do so mean a thing as to buy the Soap and not follow the directions so strongly urged.

How to Tell Sensible Persons.

Sensible Persons will not get mad, but will feel thankful that their attention has been directed to better methods.

And now dont get the old wash-boiler mended, but next wash-day give one honest trial to Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

Only One Cake must be sent for,
but after trying it, dealers will buy it
from their wholesale houses
to accommodate you,
or you can order direct from the Factory.

You must NOT send for more than one cake:
if a friend wants to try it, she must send in a separate letter.

And Now for the Clean, Neat, Easy, Genteel Ladylike FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

There is nothing intricate about these directions:—any child over 12 years of age—who has common sense—will have no trouble in following them:—

A Wash-boiler MUST NOT **be used** *NOT EVEN TO HEAT THE WASH-WATER,* **and as the wash-water must only be lukewarm, a small kettle holds enough for a large wash.**

A Wash-boiler will have a deposit formed on it from the atmosphere, *in spite of the most careful housekeeper,* which injures the delicate ingredients that are in this Soap

Be sure to heat the water in the tea-kettle
THE FIRST TIME, *no matter how odd it seems.*

Wash the White Flannels with the other White Pieces.

Be sure to always make the last water soapy; the clothes will NOT smell of the soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn, and stains that have been overlooked in washing will bleach out while drying, and the clothes will iron easier.

Always dissolve a small piece of Soap in the starch; it makes the ironing easier, and the clothes handsomer.

The Frank Siddalls Soap washes freely in hard water without Soda, Lye, or any washing compound; dont use Borax, Ammonia, or any other soap on any of the wash.

FIRST—Dip one of the garments in a tub of lukewarm water; draw it out on a wash-board, and rub the Soap LIGHTLY over it so as not to waste it, being particular not to miss soaping any of the soiled places.

Then ROLL IT IN A TIGHT ROLL, just as a piece is rolled when it is sprinkled for ironing, lay it in the bottom of the tub under the water, and go on the same way until all the pieces have the soap rubbed on them and are rolled up.

Then go away for 20 minutes to one hour—by the clock—and let The Frank Siddalls Soap do its work.

NEXT—After soaking the FULL time, commence rubbing the clothes LIGHTLY on a wash-board AND THE DIRT WILL DROP OUT; turn the garments inside out to get at the seams, *but DONT use any more Soap;* DONT SCALD OR BOIL A SINGLE PIECE, OR THEY WILL TURN YELLOW; and DONT wash through two suds. If the wash-water gets too dirty, dip some out and add a little clean water; if it gets too cold for the hands add some hot water out of the tea-kettle.

If a Streak is hard to wash, rub some more Soap on it and throw it back into the suds for a few minutes.

NEXT COMES THE RINSING—which is to be done in lukewarm water, AND IS FOR THE PURPOSE OF GETTING THE DIRTY SUDS OUT, and is to be done as follows: Wash each piece LIGHTLY on a wash-board through the rinse-water (*without using any more Soap*) AND SEE THAT ALL THE DIRTY SUDS ARE GOT OUT. ANY SMART HOUSEKEEPER WILL KNOW JUST HOW TO DO THIS.

NEXT, the blue-water, which can be either lukewarm or cold: Use little or no Blueing, for this Soap takes the place of Blueing. STIR A PIECE OF THE SOAP in the blue-water UNTIL THE WATER GETS DECIDEDLY SOAPY. Put the clothes THROUGH THIS SOAPY BLUE-WATER, wring them, and hang up to dry WITHOUT ANY MORE RINSING and WITHOUT SCALDING or BOILING A SINGLE PIECE.

Afterwards soap the Colored Pieces and Colored Flannels, let them stand 20 minutes to 1 hour, and wash the same way as the white pieces, being sure to make the last rinse-water soapy.

THE MOST DELICATE COLORS WILL NOT FADE WHEN WASHED THIS WAY, BUT WILL BE THE BRIGHTER.

Address all Letters:—OFFICE OF THE FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP 1019 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.